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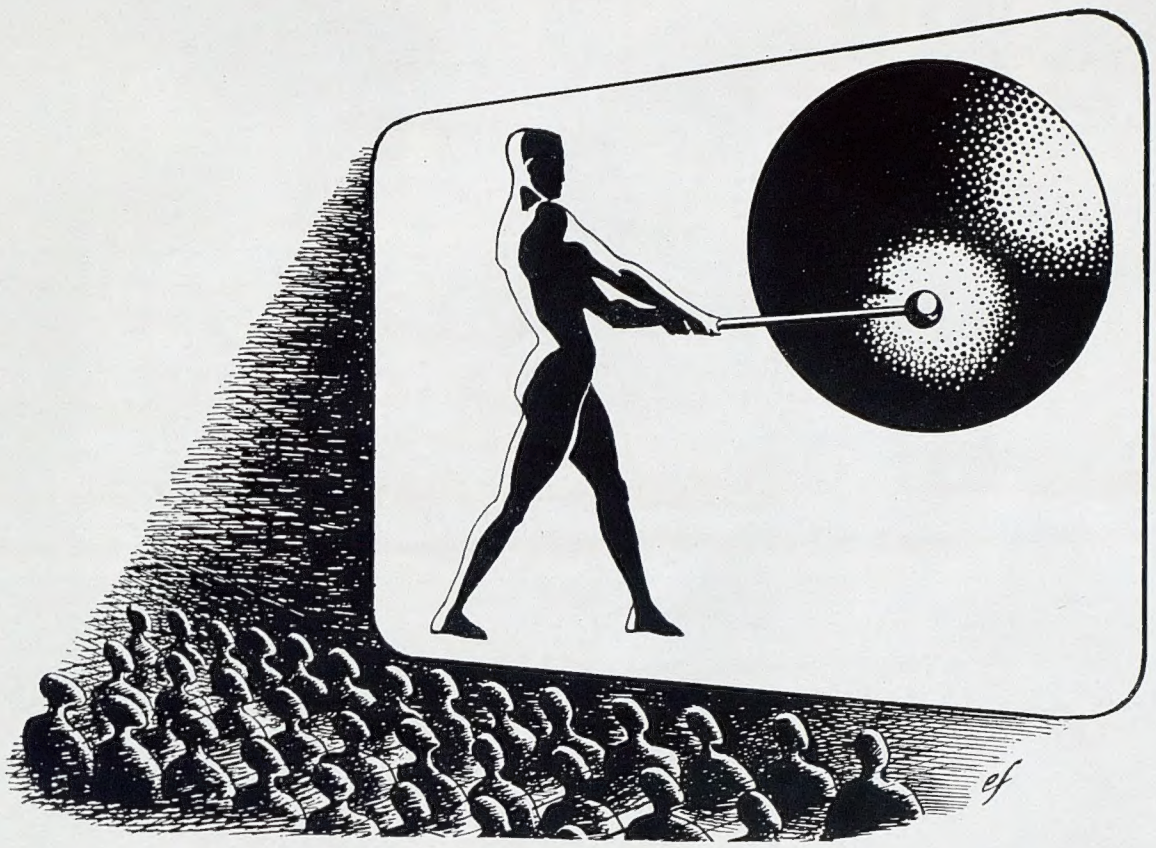

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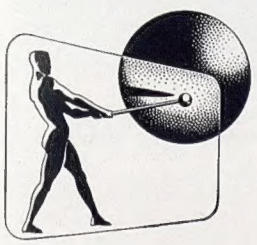

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Volume CCXXII No. 2893

The SPHERE, London, July 23, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

TALKS AT THE SUMMIT—MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. MOLOTOV IN THE PALAIS DES NATIONS AT THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE IN GENEVA: The Soviet Prime Minister, at his first international gathering, turns to his Foreign Minister (right), the experienced Mr. Molotov, at the opening session of the talks between the Heads of Government of Britain, the United States, France and the Soviet Union. The attitude of the strong Soviet delegation was awaited with greatest interest.

For the first time since the Potsdam Conference just ten years ago the Heads of the Governments of Britain, the United States, France and Soviet Russia met last Monday. The Geneva Conference opened in an atmosphere of hopefulness tinged with caution. While it was hoped that an exchange of views at the highest level would make it possible for more discussions later by the Foreign Ministers, aimed at making practical proposals for the easing of East-West tension, it was realised that no concrete proposals were likely to emerge this month. Furthermore, the size of the delegations and the promise of regular Press Conferences indicate that the Heads of Government will enjoy little private conversation. President Eisenhower, as the only Head of State present, opened the discussions. For him, as for Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, the Geneva talks have a special significance. Ten years ago they were the leaders of the victorious armies of Europe; to-day they return to the international scene there in an effort to prevent such armies marching again. (Further pictures from Geneva appear on pp. 114–15.)

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AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

DR. ROGER BANNISTER, C.B.E. : The first man to run a mile in under four minutes leaves Buckingham Palace with his wife and mother after his investiture by the Queen as a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

AN AUSTRALIAN IS HONOURED : Flight Lieutenant R. Wittman, of Sydney, shows his wife and infant daughter his Distinguished Flying Cross. He received it for services in Korea.

A D.S.O. FOR THE BLACK WATCH : Major Angus Irwin, the Black Watch, holds his D.S.O. for his son Alistair to examine after the investiture. Major Irwin is from Perth.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

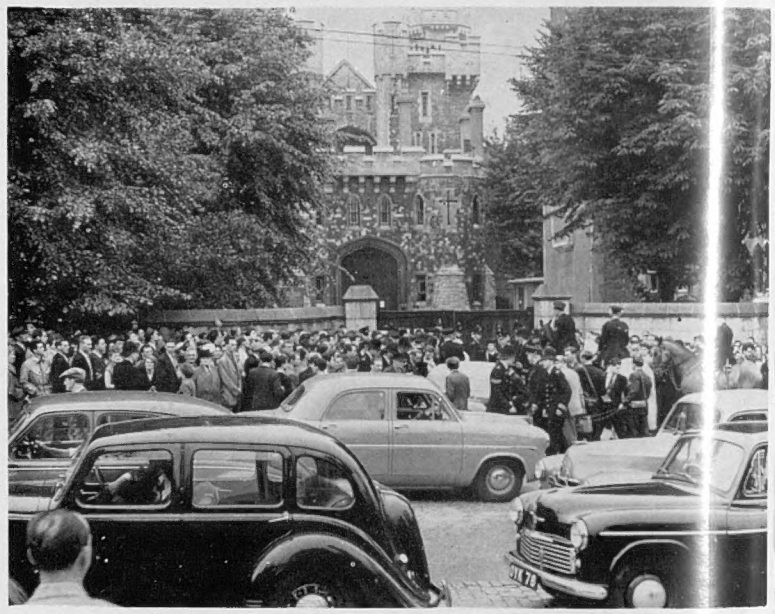
Scientists' Warning. — I thought the warning and declaration signed by eight leading scientists concerning the danger of the H-bomb was released none too soon, but it was very timely *vis-à-vis* Geneva. These scientists include British, American and Japanese. And one—Einstein—speaks to us from another world, a representative of all races. They are outstanding in their fields and know a lot about physics, health and the nature of nuclear weapons. They have considered their verdict on the dangers of a nuclear war and they believe that such a war might well end the human race, not merely obliterate Moscow, New York, London, and so on—which would not much matter in the long run—but obliterate gradually and painfully every trace of human life on the earth's face. They are not quite certain of this lamentable result, but they think that in Russia, China and the West the people ought to have a warning, and that those leaders who encourage the manufacture of such weapons should have a thought for millions of dumb human animals and explore the possibility of settling their political differences by means less potentially suicidal. It is an odd thing about these scientists. We call on them in times of mortal danger and give them *carte blanche* to save us from destruction. They do so, and invent some pretty device which does (or seems to do) the trick. But, exactly like the wicked fairy or Mephistopheles called in for help, they warn us that we may have to pay through the nose for our gratified wish. In all times of mortal danger, nations have felt no reward too high for the military chiefs who pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Pensions, country estates, K.G.s, O.M.s and other honours are showered on them (and the rank and file even get nowadays a small pension). Of late years we have begun to share out some of these great rewards and honours among scientists who help in winning chemical wars. But, though we reward them, we don't listen to their advice, and always, in our relief over our reprieve, we forget the gipsy's warning and the bond extracted by Mephistopheles. We like the pretty toy which removed our chestnuts, and we mass-produce it to keep us comfortable and safe. But the old saws and fairy-tale lessons still hold sway. He who uses the sword will perish by the sword, and the devil's bond has to be honoured at last. These scientists think that the men of Geneva should remember that at Geneva. They are right this time.

All Pacifists Now? —This warning by scientists is quite a big and a very topical subject. Naturally, the leading dailies gave "leaders" to it. All recognised that the scientists were more lucid in assessing the dangers from nuclear wars than in pointing to the solution. But I thought the *Daily Telegraph's* caption was rather too cynical : "All pacifists now ?" There is nothing new in this pacificism. It was in existence in the time of Cain and Abel. The dumb and suffering millions have been inclined to pacifism from Adam to Hitler and beyond, and a means of ensuring it has not seldom, though never successfully, been sought. If we accept the human race merely as an interesting biological species, the *Daily Telegraph* generously acknowledges the scientists' warning and arguments as irrefutable. It would be a pity to exterminate an interesting species. But the *Daily Telegraph,* taking a popular view, accepts it that this species does not cling to life except on conditions, one of which is expressed in the proposition that existence under Communist domination is not worth living. Better to cut one's throat. But the lawyers might come in here and point out that under the laws of some civilised nations, suicide is an indictable crime allied to murder. *Ergo,* the preparation of nuclear weapons (for use only against aggression) is premeditated planning of a crime as serious as murder : a thing that civilised men do not (or should not) do. What with the scientists, the lawyers and the politicians, with their remedies and warnings and objections, this pacifism may not gain much ground in the next few weeks, but I still think the scientists' warning was timeously put out on the eve of Geneva, and may induce some of the nations' leaders to moderate their hard bargaining and their political aims, and ask themselves whether there is any use in jostling for a good place on the monkey-perch if the branch they all sit on is to crash to the ground.

Strikes.—The industrial pundits, too, are getting busy with warnings and solutions, and once more not too soon. But few go so far as to demand the abolition of the right to strike, for that is a fundamental freedom. They say (and it is an under-statement) that too many strike-explosions are dangerous to the nation's health, and they think—as do the H-bomb scientists—that every avenue should be explored to find means of settling inevitable differences and grievances by arbitration. Some industrialists and Ministers speak in generalities. They speak of improving "human relations" in industry. They cry "Make strikes obsolete !" Others, like Lord Chandos, see the absurdity in a grim, hard-headed world of waving a fairy wand, and they get down to practical reforms, such as the principle of longer notice for longer service, more cheerful factory conditions, rewards for talent, incentives, continuity of employment, and so on. But neither type rely as much as I do (an ignorant layman) on a sudden reaction in the whole nation, a sudden and overdue realisation that the post-war (the inevitable post-war) revolt against discipline of any kind, the urge to self-interest and grabbing, has gone on long enough and doesn't pay long-term dividends. The time has come to return to a saner acceptance of human life, wherein every man must acknowledge a master, every man accept discipline and hard work, as the price of an endurable existence. To the pathetic cry of humanity, "*Mais, Monsieur, il faut vivre,*" too many of us in our actions and policies appear to subscribe blindly to Talleyrand's riposte : "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*"

Coal—the Facts.—An 18 per cent. increase in the price of coal on the top of many increases might seem to justify an armed revolt by consumers, industrial and domestic, all of whom might declare they would rather cease production or freeze than pay such prices, adding the rider that nationalisation has proved this country's No. 1 curse. To which rider importance is given by the Liberal Party's belief that the Socialists to-day would be glad to expunge the word "nationalisation" from the dictionary. But sober leader-writers correct such hasty petulance. They tell us that the increase is fully justified by the facts and that the new prices are at last *realistic.* The trouble is that facts in the past decades have been hard to come by. When first we began to import coal, the leader-writers cried out that this country is built on solid coal. They didn't tell us—they did not realise—that most of it is now embedded at great depth, the easy coal having all been won long since. They didn't tell us that coal abroad is even now more expensive than at home, and that for a period it paid us to export what we so badly needed at home. We were vaguely aware of the Coal Board's difficulties, of the cost of new machinery and safety measures, of a falling complement of miners, of the failure of the new machinery to achieve greater and cheaper production in the face of higher wages, strikes, absenteeism and restrictive practices. We have some ground for complaining of its failure, of the failure of nationalisation. But apparently to-day, with more of the facts before us, we must accept it that, until the next increase, the present prices of coal are "not far from their logical economic level."

SCENES AT HOLLOWAY GAOL



DEMONSTRATORS ON THE MORNING OF AN EXECUTION : Extra police were called out to deal with the considerable crowds which gathered outside Holloway Prison in London when Mrs. Ruth Ellis was executed. Some of the men and women were agitating against capital punishment. Ruth Ellis, twenty-eight-year-old model, was executed for the murder of her lover, David Blakely, by shooting him dead in a street in Hampstead.

Ideal Hosts ?—In the world of sport, our month of playing host to the world's aces draws to an end. We have entertained them on the racecourses, the golf courses, the tennis courts, the river, the running-tracks and cricket grounds, and I think we deserve a pat on the back. The ideal host sets a high standard in altruism. He wishes to give his guests a good time ; he sets the best he has before them, and

if the sweets won't quite go round, he signals to his household, "F.H.B.", or "Family hold back." The sweets, of course, cannot go round with so many hungry aces round the table, and when necessary our family *has* held back. And these triumphant guests, as they depart with their trophies and their memories, may perhaps be thinking out some kindly phrase to incorporate in their "Collinses," in the sense that their old host showed himself very much the gentleman, if a decayed gentleman, and has most generously acknowledged his guests' superiority in many of the sports which he taught them, while continuing to show a good deal of his old form in one or two of them. Well, it is right that the younger generation should knock heartily on the door. Losing gracefully, while not necessarily a sign of growing old gracefully, can sometimes prove to be a bigger prize than a challenge cup. We enjoyed the party as hosts and hope our guests will come again next year. Like Jeeves, we try to give satisfaction.

All Tastes Are Good.—I enjoy, above all things, the contradictory opinions expressed with so much assurance by those who "write to the papers about it." Take the dear old Albert Memorial, for instance. Mr. Browne, of London, writes:

"I firmly believe that Londoners would not only be happy to see that memorial go to Cheshunt (to join Temple Bar), but that the majority would willingly help with its removal."

Would they? I fancy "20,000 nursery maids would ask the reason why" if this impiety were on foot, and 100,000 of their charges; and I dare say you could make up a majority of Londoners if you tried, to judge by the enormous pleasure which the Osborne House Museum gives to all types and classes.

Or take the B.B.C.'s "Announcer's English." From Leeds we hear that "surely the universal speech of these announcers is the very best English of its kind. It is that used by British people of culture and refinement. . . . It has an air of distinction unique in the world."

On the same day, in the same column, Harrogate speaks with no less assurance:

"The way in which these announcers mutilate their native tongue is sometimes horrifying. They imagine they appear cultivated if they introduce a refined Cockney element into their talking."

What is Truth?

Railroad into Motor Road.—Bright ideas are not always killed by an official *non possumus*, and sometimes the ideas of humble and anonymous persons attach themselves to and add to the fame of public men. The idea that our little local line, when regrettably it was closed down (and increased the dangers of our old lanes by an influx of enormous buses), might be converted into a one-way motor road was instantly ridiculed. But the idea didn't die. It pops up in Inverness and finds supporters. The line to Wick and Thurso is 150 miles long. It runs slowly and at a heavy annual loss. It has no competing roads. It is suggested that at a comparatively small cost it could quickly be converted into a 22-ft.-wide motor road for passenger, parcel and mail services and more than double the speed and ease of communication between the northern capital and the far north of Scotland. A group of Scottish M.P.s and pundits sponsor this great idea and believe in it.

Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis, apes.

The humble bee may make the honey or produce the idea. But a much bigger Bee puts his brand on the honey and sells the idea.

A Tribute to "The Sphere"?—It is doubtless a tribute to the virtues of THE SPHERE that its anonymous writer of the "Newsletter" should have been invited "blind" to give away the prizes and to address a girls' school in the south of England. For what might *not* an anonymous "columnist" prove to be when the domino was torn from his disguise? Whether or no the risk proved all too real to the principals and to the school, the unknown devil enjoyed every minute of his experience. If you have doubts about the rising generation and the public schools, gain entry to such a girls' school as that which rashly let me in, and your doubts, so far as such teen-age girls are concerned, will vanish in the bright light of their charming manners, their friendly smiles, their keen interest and the wide range of their interests: above all, in the visible results of the education which is given them. I had the misfortune to be born a boy (and long ago), and I went to a boys' public school and to an Oxford college reserved for males. What I carried away under the name of education from those seats of learning served me no better than to expel a gasp of astonishment and admiration at the knowledge displayed on a score of important subjects in as many note-books, subjects which to this day remain closed books to me. If this school is typical of modern girls' schools, all is well with at least some of the mothers of a generation-to-be and therefore with their children. It was a heartening experience which I would gladly repeat.

THE OLD STAGER

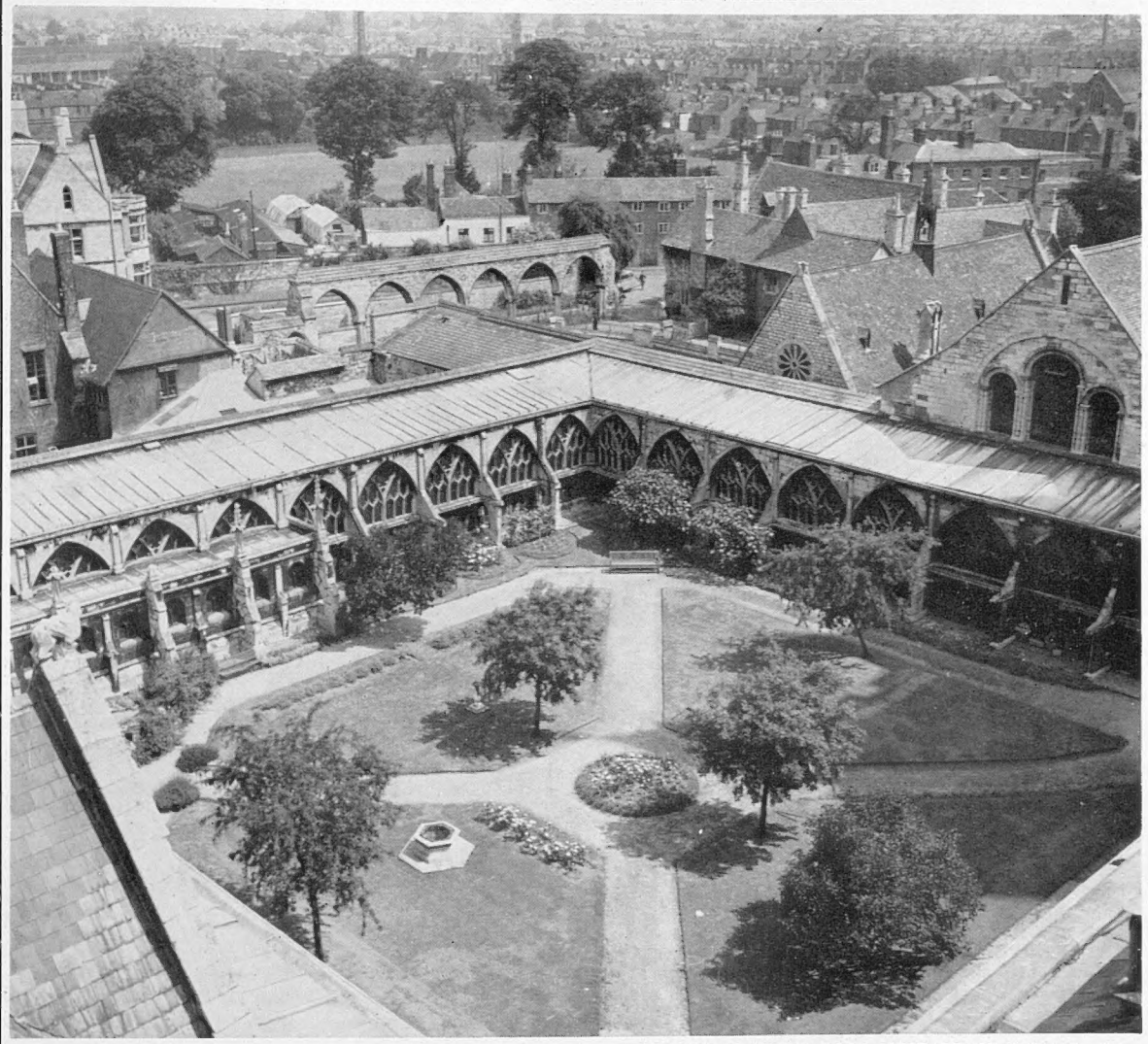
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

COWES WEEK PROSPECTS

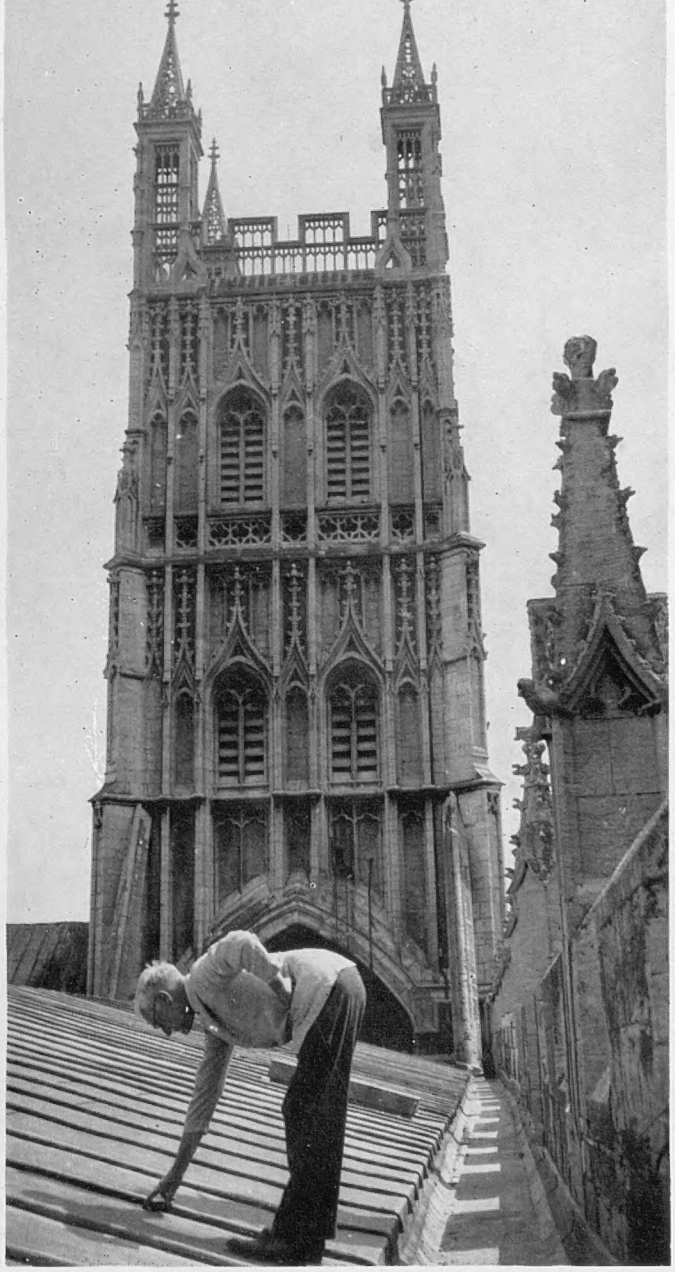
By UFFA FOX

Illustrated with Photographs and a Painting by Montague Dawson

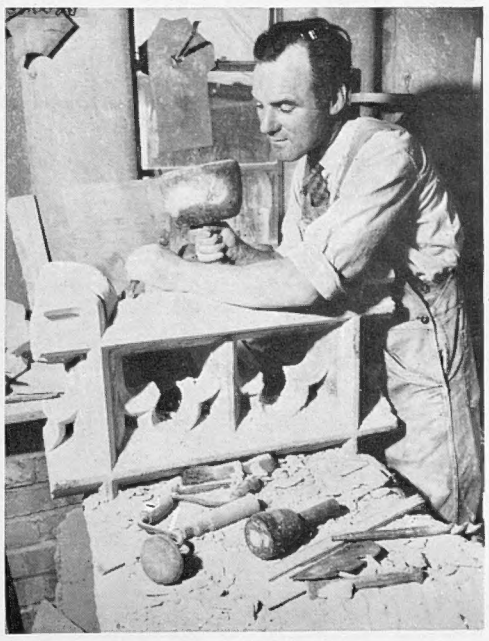
PROGRESS IN THE RESTORATION OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL



THE CLOISTER ROOF MUST BE RE-CAST: Looking down from the roof of the Nave one sees some of the roofing over the sides of the Cloisters. The leads here will have to be re-cast so that the fan vaulting beneath them—some of the finest in Europe—can be preserved. In recent years it has been found that extensive repairs and restoration work are increasingly necessary in the Cathedral of Gloucester. Some repairs have already been made. The Friends of the Cathedral have given generous financial assistance and many people answered the appeal for £100,000 which was launched by the Dean and Chapter in 1952. Owing to the increase in the cost of materials and to the great urgency in the need for some of the repairs, the target for this appeal has now been raised to £150,000. There is every reason to hope that this sum will be forthcoming for one of the noblest examples of ecclesiastical architecture in England's heritage. The Cathedral Church of St. Peter stands on the site of a seventh-century abbey. In the eleventh century, Canute, that paragon of British kings, reformed its constitution. Some of the present buildings are Norman. A notable addition came in the fourteenth century when the Choir was raised to a height of 89 ft. With its magnificent vaulting and transomed windows of many lights, it is one of the most impressive Choirs in Europe. Unfortunately, the roof of the Choir has been most severely affected in recent years by weather and death-watch beetle



THE ARCHITECT EXAMINES REPAIRS: Colonel N. H. Waller, the Cathedral architect, tests the lead roofing recently laid over the Nave. Beneath, steel trusses are fixed to defeat woodworm.



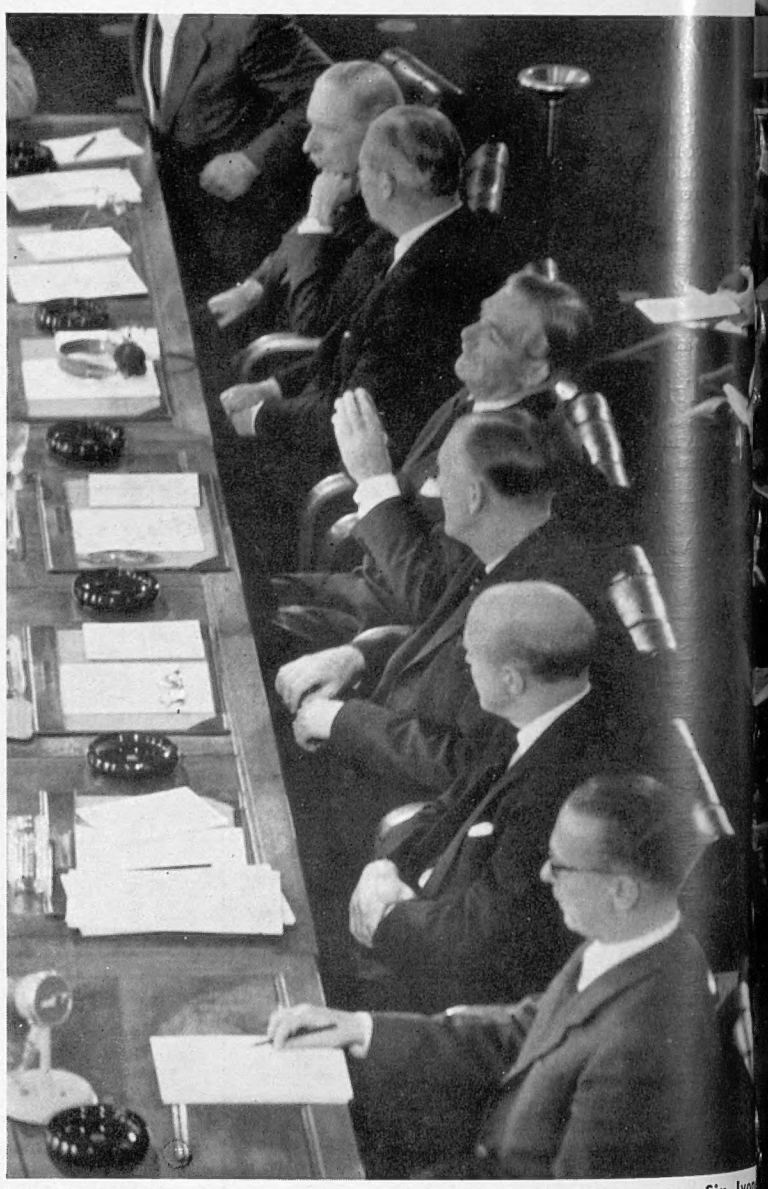
A CATHEDRAL CRAFTSMAN: Mr. A. Norwood, one of the Cathedral masons, works on the restoration of a piece of the Cloister vaulting.

THE FRENCH DELEGATES: During the summit talks at the Palais des Nations are seated, at the table, from left, M. Antoine Pinay, the French Foreign Minister; M. Edgar Faure, the Prime Minister; M. Louis Joxe, French Ambassador in Moscow; and M. Berard, the Premier's diplomatic adviser.

AT THE SUMMIT

The Talks Between the Heads of Government of the Four Great Powers Opened in Geneva This Week

PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF STATE: *Above*—"Who is that, over there?" President Eisenhower seems to ask Mr. Dulles as they look to their right at the Soviet delegation. *Below*—They consult Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, the United States Ambassador in Moscow, who has the answer. This is the first occasion on which President Eisenhower has attended an international conference since he took office. As the only Head of State present, he presided over the opening session. The President proposed eight subjects for discussion, headed by the German question.



BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVES AT THE CONFERENCE: From the top are Sir Ivo Kirkpatrick, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office; Mr. Harol Macmillan, the Foreign Minister; Sir Anthony Eden, Prime Minister; Si Norman Brook, Secretary of the Cabinet; Sir Harold Caccia, Deputy Under Secretary of State; and Mr. H. Balascheff, the delegation's interprete

THE STRONGEST DELEGATION EVER SENT BY THE SOVIET UNION ABROAD : At the table are, from left, Marshal Zhukov, Defence Minister ; Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Russian Communist Party ; Marshal Bulganin, the Soviet Prime Minister ; and Mr. Molotov, the Foreign Minister. Immediately behind Marshal Bulganin are Mr. Zarubin, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, and Mr. Malik, the Ambassador in London. The strength of the Soviet delegation indicates that it is prepared to make top-level decisions on the spot.

THE HEADS OF GOVERNMENT OF THE GREAT POWERS IN CONFERENCE—A VIEW OF THE FOUR DELEGATIONS IN SESSION AT THE PALAIS DES NATIONS : A scene familiar in the post-war world—the delegates sitting round a square of tables, headphones and microphones in front of them, their advisers sitting behind them. This time, however, the Heads of Governments are there. Seen here, with backs to the camera, is the Russian delegation. To the left are the United States representatives ; to the right, the British ; and on their right, the French.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH HIS RELATIVES IN GERMANY: The Duke, wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the King's 8th Royal Irish Hussars, is seen in the grounds of the Wolfsgarten Castle, in Langen, about twelve miles from Frankfurt. With him are, from left, Prince Ludwig of Hesse, a cousin, and his wife, Princess Margaret; and Princess Dorothea. The Duke of Edinburgh was on a three-day visit to Germany, in the course of which he spent a day with the 8th Hussars at Luneberg.

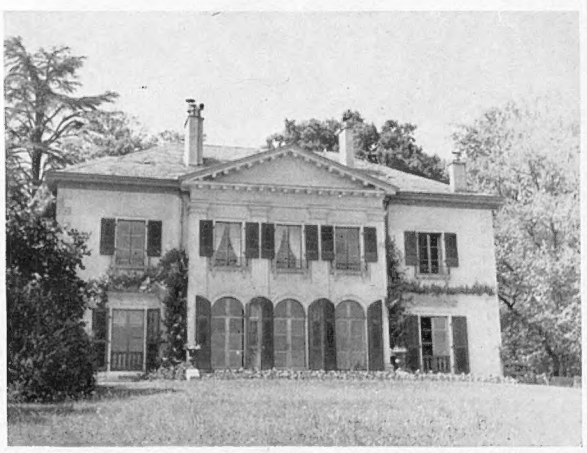
A HISTORIC MEETING—THE COLONIAL SECRETARY WITH THE LEADER OF THE ENOSIS MOVEMENT: Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd talking to Archbishop Makarios at their meeting in Nicosia. At right is Sir Robert Armitage, Governor of Cyprus. The Colonial Secretary met the Archbishop during his brief visit to Cyprus, the first time such a meeting has taken place since 1931. Mr. Lennox-Boyd had come to Cyprus "to see for himself." He condemned terrorist outrages, which he had to experience at first hand.

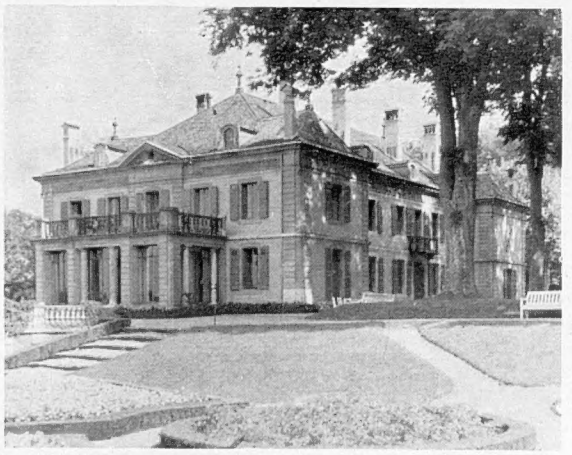
EUROPEAN SURVEY

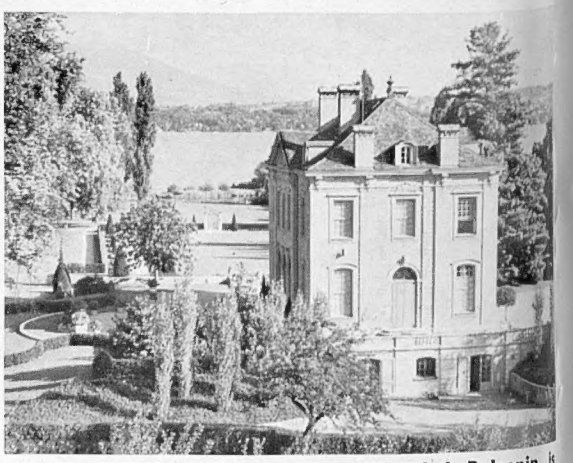
A Pictorial Account of Recent Events on the Continent, and other Happenings in Africa and at Sea

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR IN PRAGUE PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS AND LEARNS OF THE RELEASE OF MRS. SISPERA: Mr. G. C. Pelham is welcomed by the Czech President, Mr. Antonin Zapotocky, at Prague Castle, where he presented his credentials as newly-appointed British Ambassador. Almost at the same time Mr. Pelham learned from the Czech Foreign Minister, Mr. David, that Mrs. Phyllis Sispera, the British former wife of a Czech airman, would be allowed to leave Czechoslovakia. Mrs. Sispera and her three children had previously been refused permission to leave. She was not the only British wife to be detained against her will in Czechoslovakia, and the Minister of State, Mr. Nutting, spoke "very strongly" to the Czech Ambassador in London on Czech behaviour to British subjects.

RUSSIA'S GENETICS EXPERT IS BACK TO THE SOIL: Mr. T. D. Lysenko talking about the cultivation of branchy wheat to eager students from agricultural colleges and universities of many countries who attended an agricultural seminar in Moscow. Mr. Lysenko once used to startle the world with his pronouncements on genetics, for he bluntly denied the validity of the universally accepted Mendelian theories. But since last year it has become apparent that his theories are no longer accepted in the Soviet Union, and his present concern with wheat seems to indicate that a more profitable use has been found for his services.







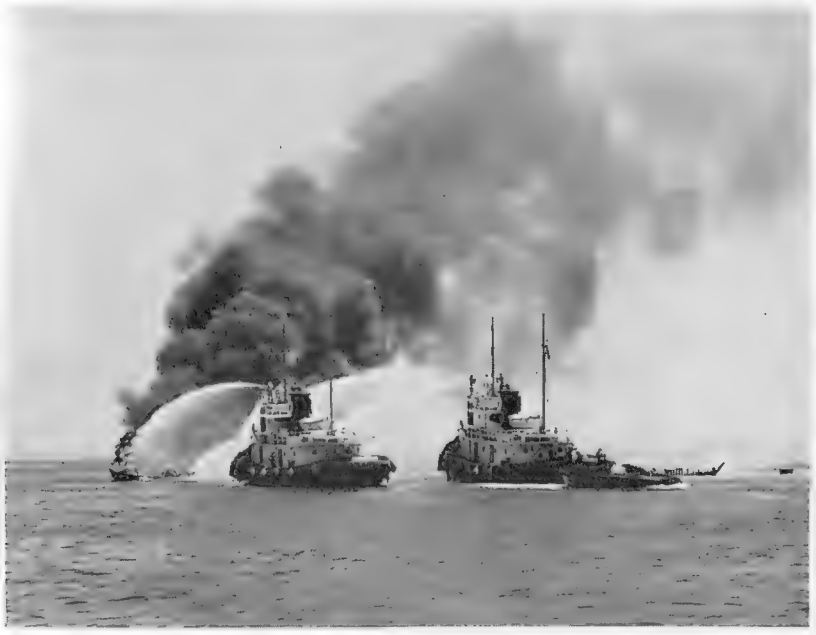
WHERE THE LEADERS OF THE BIG THREE ARE STAYING DURING THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: *On left*—La Pastorale, the unpretentious country villa where Marshal Bulganin is staying. *Centre*—A view of the villa Le Reposoir, in which Sir Anthony Eden, who is accompanied by Lady Eden, has made his headquarters. *On right*—President Eisenhower's headquarters, the eighteenth-century mansion at Creux de Genthod, a lakeside village five miles from Geneva. His wife and son John are with the President.

A PROPHET HONOURED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY: The monument of the Prophet Elijah which has been unveiled on the highest peak of the Mount Carmel range in Israel, the reputed scene of his triumph over the 450 prophets of Baal. It was here that Elijah called down fire from heaven to convince the Israelites who was the true God. The site is called in Arabic El Muhraka, the place of burning, and here also stands the twelfth-century Carmelite church. The monument, which is in Nazareth stone, is the work of a local Arab sculptor.

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE VALE OF KISHON: Father Anastasio, right, Superior General of the Order of the Carmelites, and Monsignor Vergani, Patriarchal Vicar of Northern Israel, survey the country around Mount Carmel after the unveiling of the monument to Elijah. Below them lies the brook Kishon, where the prophets of Baal were slain.

NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO IS HONOURED: M. Gilbert Grandval is decorated by the Sultan of Morocco at the Palace at Rabat with the Cordon of Ouissam Alaouite. This was M. Grandval's first visit to the Sultan after taking up his appointment as Resident-General in Morocco at a time of fierce antagonism and terrorism. M. Grandval's arrival sparked off fierce rioting In Casablanca, the demonstrations of welcome by the Muslim population being countered by hostile demonstrations by Europeans. Tanks fired on rioters, and in the first four days of clashes more than fifty people were killed and over 100 injured.

AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT DEMONSTRATION BY 300,000 BELGIAN CATHOLICS: Part of the huge crowd listening to speeches in the streets of Brussels during the demonstration organised by the Christian Social Committee for Freedom and Democracy. More than 300,000 Roman Catholics are said to have taken part in the rally, which was held to protest against the Belgian Government's Bill on schools, and subsidies for Roman Catholic education.



FIRE-FIGHTING IN THE PERSIAN GULF: Hoses are played on a burning gasoline transport dhow which had caught fire in the busiest part of the oil supply pier at Sitra, in the Persian Gulf. The transport was carrying sixty 50-gallon drums of gasoline for delivery to a tanker. She was completely destroyed by the fire.

TUNNEL-BUILDING IN HOLLAND: A view of the work now in progress near the town of Velsen, where a tunnel is being built under the North Sea Channel which links Amsterdam with the sea. Extreme left is what will be the railway tunnel, and to the right the two-lane road traffic tunnels. Between them will be the air-conditioning system.

GRAND PRIX AT AINTREE

A Win for the German Mercedes Team and a Brilliant Individual Victory for a British Driver

Although the record crowd of 100,000 which packed into Aintree for the British Grand Prix must have been disappointed at the procession of German cars which won the race, there was consolation in the fact that for the first time in the twenty-six years of the race it was won by an Englishman. Although in the front rank of international drivers, Moss had never before been successful in this race. His winning average speed was 86.47 m.p.h., and his fastest lap of 89.70 m.p.h. set up a new record. Fangio was first away from the starting grid followed closely by Moss, and throughout the race the two Mercedes drivers kept to the first two positions, although frequently changing places between themselves. They crossed the finishing line with Fangio only a short way behind the English driver. The German team took the first four places without a single pit stop. In the fifth place was a Maserati, and in sixth place an Italian Ferrari. For the time being, Ferrari appear to have come to the end of their long sequence of post-war victories in international racing. Of the two British teams in the race the Vanwall Specials gave their best performance to date, although beset by minor difficulties, but the Connaughts were never in the picture and failed to finish. Of the twenty-five cars which started only nine finished. Apart from the four German cars, the others were one French, three Italian and one British.

THE ROARING START TO THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX RACE AT AINTREE, IN LANCASHIRE : The scene as twenty-five cars, brilliantly painted in the national colours of Britain, France, Germany and Italy, leapt away to the start. In front is Fangio and close behind him is Stirling Moss. The first four places were taken by the Mercedes team, but for the British spectators there was the consolation that for the first time since the race has been run, it was won by a British driver.

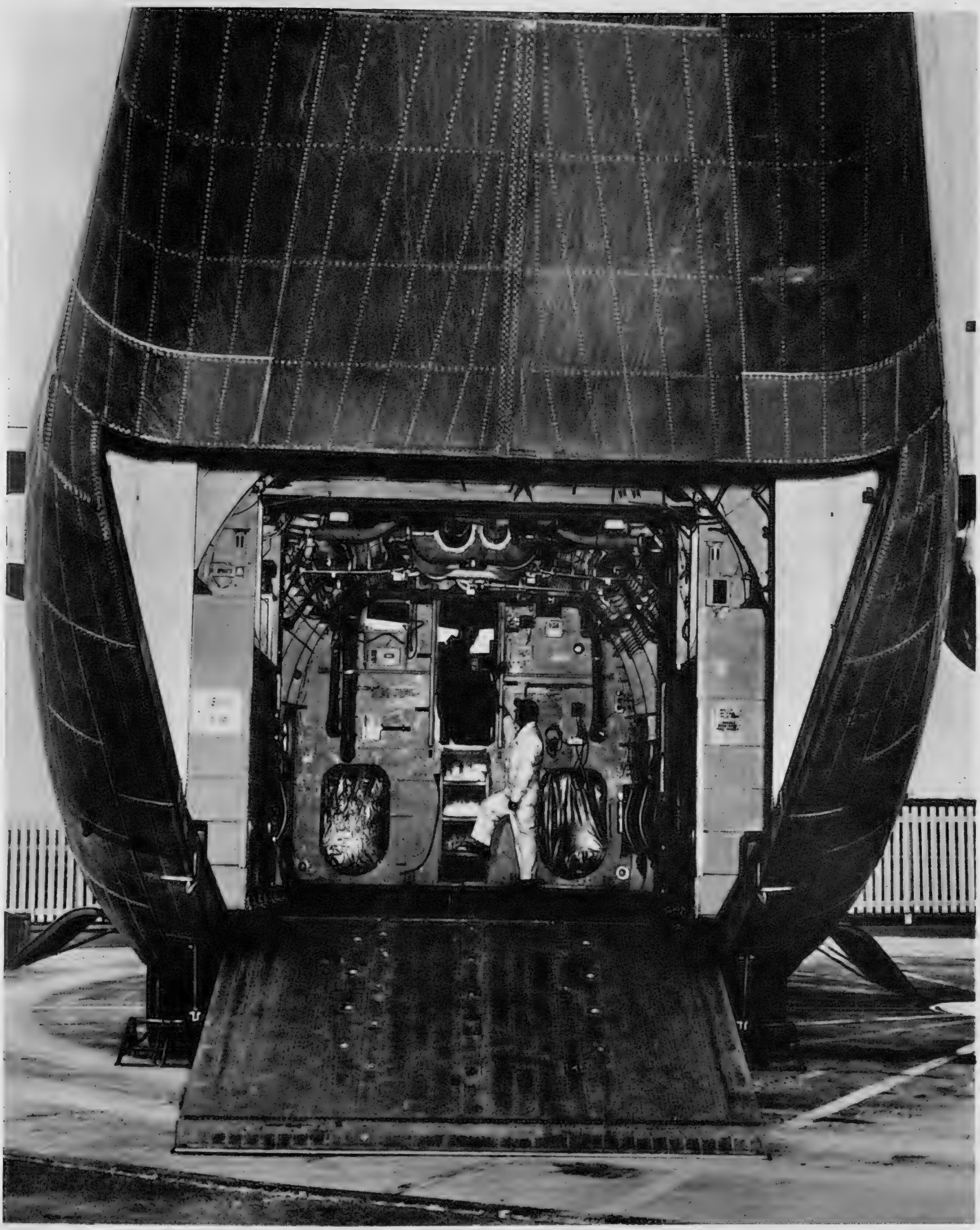
On left—

A VICTOR'S SMILE : Grimy and tired, but happy, Stirling Moss, who drove a Mercedes car, acknowledges the cheers after his brilliantly driven race.

THE VICTORIOUS MERCEDES TEAM : Seated in the car, holding spectacles, is Taruffi and behind him are seated Fangio, Moss and Kling. Standing on right is the manager, Neubauer.

THE FINISH OF AN EXCITING RACE : Stirling Moss is flagged in, with Fangio close behind. After the race Moss paid tribute to Fangio, saying that he could have passed him at the finishing line if he wished. The R.A.C. British Grand Prix race at Aintree was watched by a record number of spectators in excellent weather.

AN INTER-TEAM DUEL AT TATT'S CORNER : Fangio leads Moss as the cars roar round the bend. Throughout, the two cars kept the lead, with Moss in front most of the time.



THE HOLD OF A FAST CLIMBING GIANT OF THE AIR CAN CARRY SIXTY SOLDIERS AND HEAVY MILITARY EQUIPMENT: One of the latest aircraft for the United States Air Force is the C-123 B assault transport. Some idea of its capacity can be gauged from this picture of its hold. Its purpose is to carry troops and cargo on operations from short or unprepared landing fields. Another of its uses is for carrying wounded—fifty stretcher cases. One such aircraft can cover 1,000 miles in five hours.

TROOP CARRYING THROUGH THE SKIES

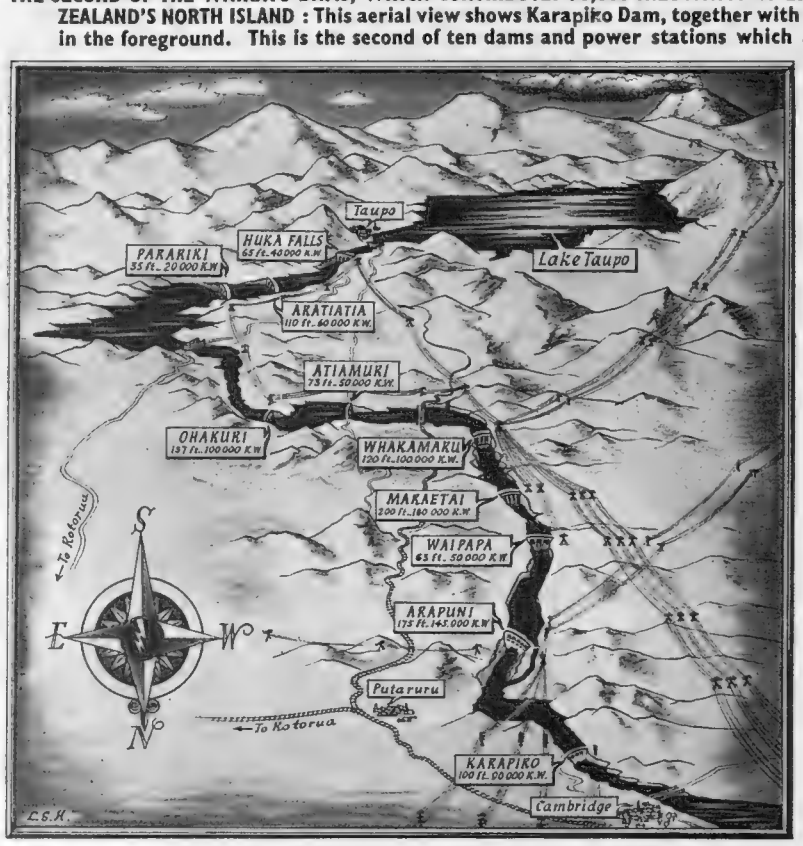
The U.S. Army Increases its Mobility with a Large, Fast Climbing New Transport Aircraft

The United States' Army is probably the leading exponent of airborne tactics. Various new types of air-troop-carriers are being brought into service, for the purpose of moving troops in numbers as speedily as possible. Notable among the new transports of the clouds is the C-123 B. The Fairchild-built prototype flew for the first time in September last year. Since then the addition of two J44 turbojets to its motive power has provided an additional 2,000 lb. of thrust, which increase its safety characteristics and improve its performances. For instance, in tests, with one engine feathered during take-off, the rate of climb was increased from 150 to 500 ft. per minute.

This is of great importance in the C-123 B, for one of its many virtues is its ability to carry troops and cargo for operations from short or unprepared landing fields. Men and materials go up a hydraulically-operated ramp through the loading door at the rear. Some idea of the capacity of its hold was given recently at a demonstration, when a 15,780-lb. truck-mounted crane shovel was driven aboard, and still there was room to spare. As a personnel carrier the aircraft will take sixty-one fully-equipped soldiers, or, as a medical transport, fifty stretcher patients, plus six sitting patients and six medical attendants. For assault purposes there are side doors which can be used for parachuting.

THE SECOND OF THE WAIKATO DAMS, WHICH CONTRIBUTES 90,000 KILOWATTS OF ELECTRICITY TO THE INDUSTRIES OF NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH ISLAND : This aerial view shows Karapiko Dam, together with the spillway and the generating station in the foreground. This is the second of ten dams and power stations which are being built on the River Waikato.

AT THE FIRST OF THE GREAT DAMS : The overflow from diverted to a concreted channel. The dam and generating first of the ten being built on the Waikato and have a

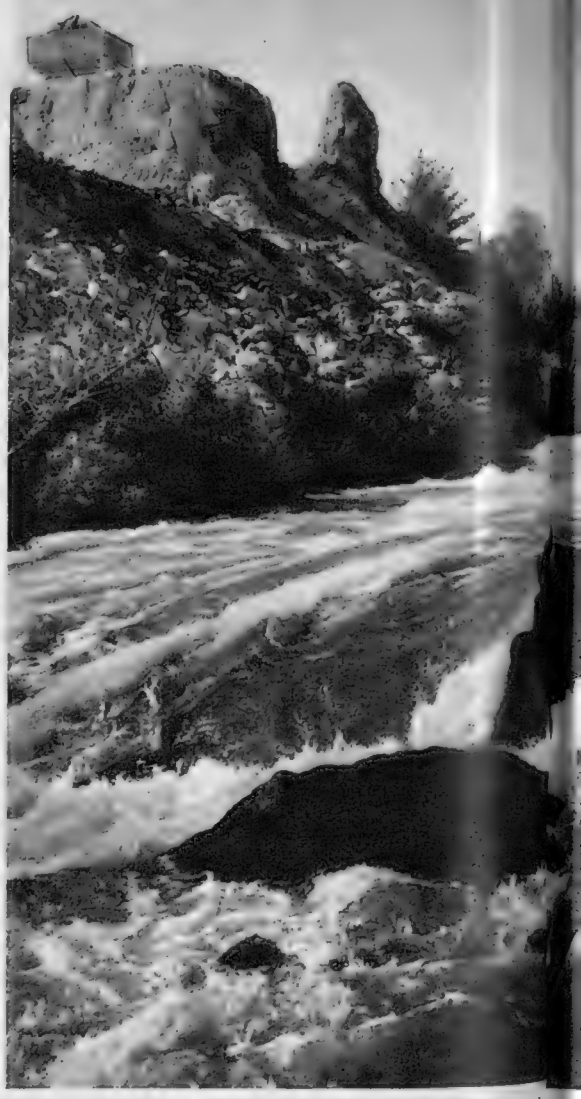


POWER FROM THE WAIKATO

Progress is Maintained on New Zealand's Great Electric Power Project in the North Island, in which Ten Dams and Generating Stations are being Constructed

On left—

THE GREAT WAIKATO POWER CHAIN : This sketch map shows the ten power stations along the Waikato River between the town of Cambridge and Lake Taupo, from whose waters they draw their power. The figures refer to the heights of the dams and the output of each generating station. Only Arapuni, Karapiro, and Maraetai have so far been completed, but the other seven are scheduled to be in operation in about ten years. The volcanic peak shown in the top right corner is Ruapehu.



THE SITE OF ONE OF THE PROJECTED DAMS : The fast-flowing point where it will be dammed at Atiamuri. Work has been entrusted to the London engineers, Sir

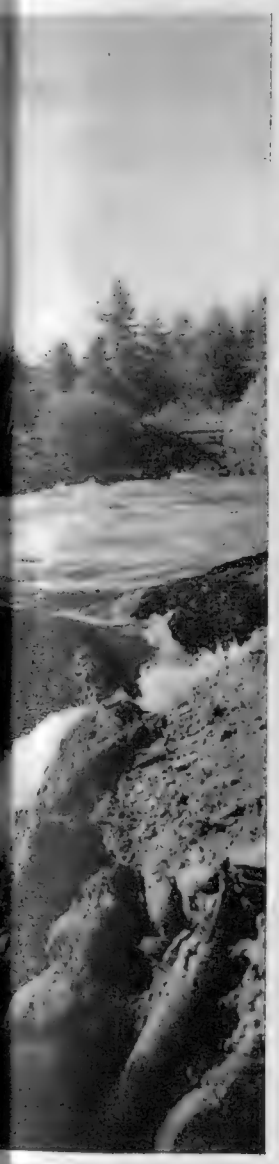
A PRIMEVAL FOREST IS UNCOVERED AT ARAPUNI : The overflow from Lake Arapuni surges over the lip of the fall. This overflow carved for itself a new channel in the low country, uncovering the prehistoric forest of petrified tree-trunks which can be seen rising starkly from the waters in the background—a reminder of the eruptions of the great volcanoes.

In the present age a nation stands or falls by its industrial output. Gone are the days when the farmer held sway and governed the nation's economy : to-day he is merely a link, albeit an important one, in the vast chain of exports and imports on which a country's livelihood depends. Where once the rural communities could topple Governments at their whim, to-day they are dependent on Government subsidies to retain their place in the economy.

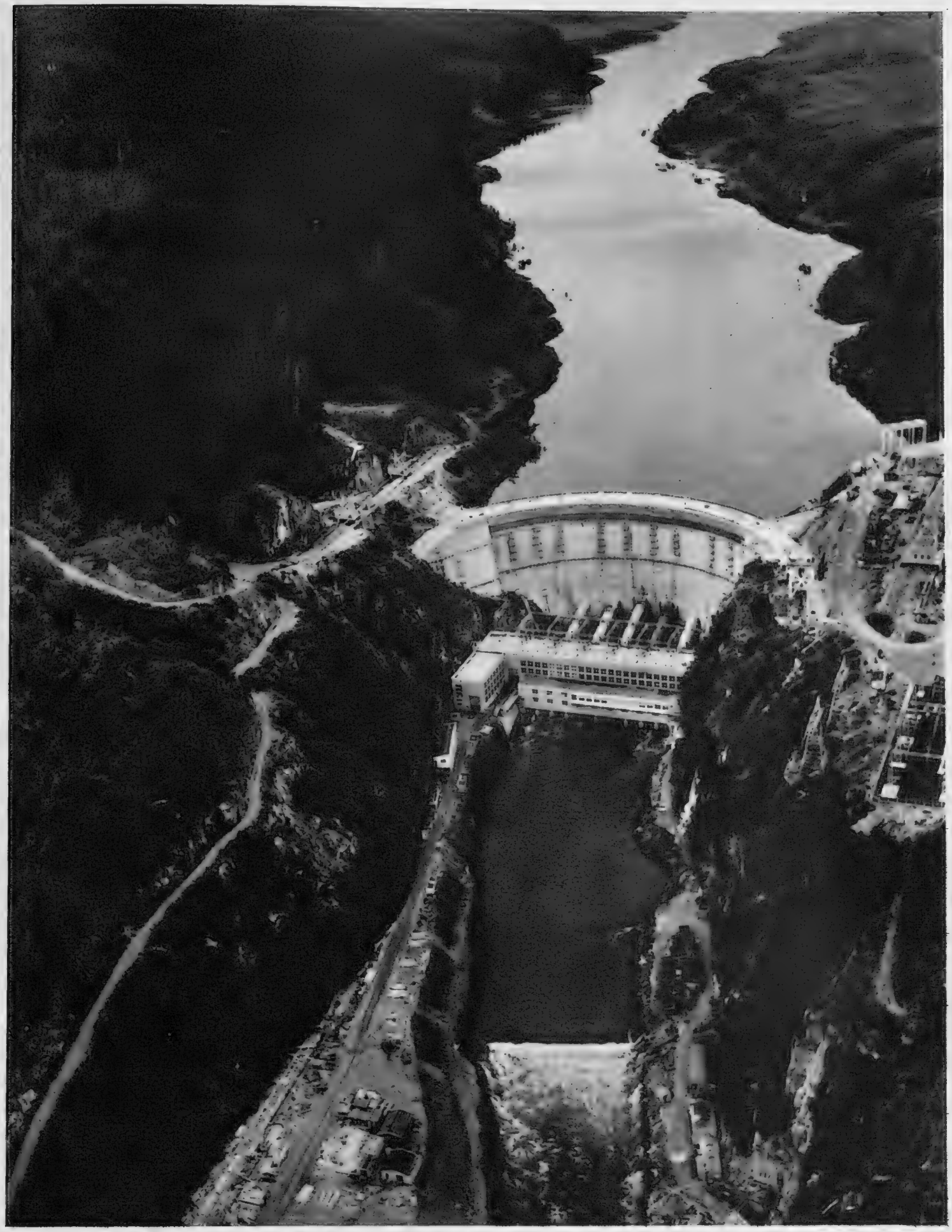
To a dominantly farming country like New Zealand such changes in the modern world might have spelled depression, even ruin. A less resilient nation might have been content to dwell among the third-rate countries of the world, a prey to exploitation by her more prosperous—or more industrialised—brothers. But New Zealand has been fortunate in her leaders, whose far-sightedness and imagination has taken the country along the road to an industrial prosperity which will enable her to retain her position as one of the foremost nations of the Commonwealth.

To attain this industrial prosperity a nation needs power, and at first sight it appeared that this was

Lake Arapuni after it had been
station at Arapuni are the
output of 145,000 kilowatts.



Waikato River is seen at the
here and at near-by Ohakuri
Alexander Gibb and Partners.



THE GREAT POST-WAR DAM WHICH HAS NOW BEEN COMPLETED : The dam at Maraetai, with the generating station at the foot and the lake beyond. On the left bank of the Waikato River is seen what is said to be the largest man-made forest in the world. An ambitious wood pulp and paper industry is centred around it. 110,000 cub. yards of concrete have gone into the 280-ft.-high arch dam which was completed two years ago.

precisely what was lacking in New Zealand. The lush farm lands and awesome mountains yield few minerals. Coal production is limited, amounting annually to barely 2,500,000 tons, and there is practically no oil in the land. Everything, therefore, depends upon a plentiful supply of electric power.

Here New Zealand found herself in the remarkably fortunate position of having almost unlimited sources of power at her disposal, though the bulk of it is to be found in the volcanic North Island. There are two main sources. One is the hot springs which provide geothermal energy, and the progress made in Wairakei Geyser Valley was reported in THE SPHERE in March this year. By 1958 the hot springs are expected to produce 40,000 kilowatts, and when the scheme is fully developed something like 500,000 kilowatts will be obtained, representing a saving of £5,000,000 annually on steam-generated electricity.

The second great source of electric power is the waters of the North Island, and in particular Lake Taupo. It lies in the volcanic region containing the mountains Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, and Tongariro. The lake's surface area of 241 sq. miles, and depth of 534 ft., represent an almost limitless supply of water. Taupo feeds the Waikato River, which rises in Ruapehu, and flows for 220 miles into the Tasman Sea. It is along this river that the ambitious power project to which it has lent its name is being constructed. The Waikato dams, which were first described in THE SPHERE in January 1952, will eventually produce 876,000 kilowatts, or over 1,000,000 h.p. of electric power. This is the equivalent of more than 3,000,000 tons of coal, which exceeds New Zealand's total annual production.

The Waikato scheme consists of ten dams, and three of them, including the two biggest, have already been built and their generating stations are in operation. The first to be built was Arapuni, the second most northerly, or downstream, of the dams. Its generating station produces 145,000 kilowatts. Then, during the war, despite tremendous shortages and price and labour difficulties, the most northerly of the dams was built at Karapiro. The equipment for this 90,000-kilowatt generating station was, in fact, produced in Britain during the black-out and to the sound of enemy bombs.

If Karapiro symbolised the unremitting efforts of New Zealand during the war the construction of Maraetai, the biggest of the dams, epitomized the country's post-war determination not to be left behind in the race for industrial power. The construction of the 280-ft.-high arch dam across the gorge of the Waikato and of the generating station which now produces 180,000 kilowatts, took four years. Once again there were disappointments: unexpected difficulties were encountered, unfriendly weather added to the hazards of an intricate piece of engineering. But grit and determination, the determination to bring electric power to New Zealand, triumphed, and this wonderful dam now makes its major contribution to electricity output in the North Island and to industry in the whole country.

Seven more dams remain to be built, and it will be another ten years before their generating stations are making their contribution. But when they do so, combined with the first benefits of geothermal power, New Zealand will have a supply of power which will enable her industries to compete in the markets of the world and the nation to retain her influence on world affairs and her leading role in the Pacific.

ELECTRICITY OVER THE SEA

A Most Ingenious Feat of Engineering Nears Completion Between Italy and Sicily

Voyagers through the Straits of Messina now note two new landmarks. These are giant steel towers—reminiscent of the Eiffel Tower in Paris—on each side of the channel separating the mainland of Italy from the island of Sicily.

These towers are the central points in an ambitious project for supplying electricity to the island. Between them across the Straits a supply cable is to be stretched. When all the work is finished Sicily will be provided by this means with electric power.

A force of some 120 workmen is engaged on the construction necessary for this task. They are experts who can work, without concern, at heights of nearly 700 ft. above the ground, for each of the towers is 690 ft. high. All the workmen underwent a special examination before being engaged and have been given special insurance policies. When their job is finally done, the cable "bridge" will be more than 2½ miles long and at its lowest point will be 230 ft. above the water. At any given point on its whole length it is calculated the cable could support a dead weight of up to twenty-five tons. It is a notable addition to the marvels of engineering ingenuity now to be seen in so many parts of the world.

HIGH ABOVE SICILY: Beneath the huge steel tower recently completed lie the houses on the outskirts of Messina and beyond them the Straits. From a similar 690-ft. tower on the Italian mainland a cable will be stretched over the sea to this tower near Messina and bring electricity to Sicily.

THE "BRIDGE" OF CABLE: The map shows the route of the project. The sketch above it gives some idea of the dimensions and size of the structure. When construction is complete the cable carrying electricity will stretch from the tower in Calabria, on the mainland (on right), over the Straits of Messina to the tower in Sicily. This "bridge" will be over 2½ miles long and at its lowest point in the centre it will be 230 ft. above the sea.

On left—

600 FT. ABOVE GROUND: The workmen above the Sicilian shore seem unconcerned as they test the joints on the steel tower in preparation for it holding the cable to be stretched here from the mainland.

On right—

THE FOUNDATIONS: The enormous steel structure rests on vast cement foundations at Punta Sottile, some six miles north of Messina. In the centre background the twin tower on the mainland at Torre Cavalla, in Calabria, can just be seen through the haze.

A GIANT'S SHADOW: The 690-ft.-high steel tower casts its shadow across the farms and land below. It is estimated that these towers, which are among the highest in Europe, can withstand winds of up to 100 m.p.h.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY

In Very Warm Weather the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and other Members of the Royal Family, Mingled with 7,000 Guests at Buckingham Palace

WAITING IN THE SUNSHINE: Part of the long queue of guests which assembled outside Buckingham Palace before the gates were opened. Some stood in the warm sunshine for more than an hour, watching the steady tread of the sentry.

A STEADY STREAM OF CARS ARRIVES: Small family cars mingle with the great saloons and hired limousines. Before the garden party the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, sitting on gilt chairs, received 280 debutantes from the Commonwealth in the State Ballroom.

SUMMER DRESSES AND PARASOLS: *Above*—The Duke of Edinburgh turns for a word with the Queen as they move among their guests in the garden of Buckingham Palace. *Below*—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, beneath a white parasol, stops to talk to a guest. Immediately behind the Queen Mother stands Princess Margaret, wearing a white coolie hat.

A WORD WITH THE GUESTS: All eyes are on the Queen as she stops for a moment. Among the other members of the Royal Family at last week's garden party were the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra.

ROEDEAN IS SEVENTY YEARS OLD

The Famous Girls' School on the Sussex Coast, which is Celebrating its Seventieth Birthday, is Being Honoured by a Visit from Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother

By ADELINE HARTCUP

Mrs. Hartcup was at Roedean School from 1930 to 1936. She is the author of "Angelica: The Portrait of an Eighteenth-Century Artist"—the biography of Angelica Kauffmann, which was published by Messrs. Heinemann last year.

DURING three-score years and ten, the span of human life, Roedean School has grown from modest beginnings as little more than the extension of a family schoolroom, to its present eminence among the foremost of the country's girls' schools. On July 22, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother honours the school by attending its seventieth birthday celebrations. A backward glance down the years picks out many hard-won victories which to-day every schoolgirl takes for granted. For Roedean was a pioneer among girls' schools, and its founders have left their mark on much that is valuable in girls' education—both in independent and State schools—throughout the country to-day.

The continuity of a great school is a strange, elusive thing. In many ways it must be personal, and the three sisters who founded Roedean linked it so intimately with their own family and friends that the relationship is alive to-day, when their descendants still play an active part in the life of the school, and when many daughters and grand-daughters of old pupils have come to start their own days at Roedean.

The early story of the school is a romance of courage and enterprise. Penelope, the eldest child of Philip Henry Lawrence—he had thirteen other children by his second marriage—passed her Cambridge Tripos examination in 1878 and was demonstrator at Newnham College before becoming Principal of the Froebel Training College, until it closed in about 1882. She was teaching at Wimbledon High School when an accident to her father practically cut off the family's income. To pay their expenses and, at the same time, to educate the younger children, the second two daughters, Dorothy and Millicent, joined their mother in a brave attempt to teach day girls and boarders in their own home. Four years later Penelope joined her two sisters, and together they rented a house in Lewes Crescent, Brighton, where—as Wimbledon House School, the "Wimbledonia, fair and free" of the old school song—Roedean began its existence.

From the first the school prospered. The young Lawrences were provided for, educated, and launched into life. Less than eleven years later the school had outgrown its Sussex Square home, and in 1895 the founders began to plan the present buildings. Four years afterwards the school moved to its new home. Entirely by their own efforts the three sisters raised the large sum needed to acquire the site and complete the buildings.

In 1920 a company was formed which managed Roedean as a public school until 1938, when a Royal Charter was granted. Since then the school has been controlled by a council, which includes one member nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, two each by the Universities of Oxford and London, two by Newnham College, one by Girton College, and one by the headmistress and teaching staff of the school. Ten elected members of the council represent Old Roedeanians.

Penelope, "P. L." to generations of Roedeanians, Dorothy and Millicent Lawrence were joint headmistresses of Roedean until they retired in 1924. Miss E. M. Tanner (later Dame Emmeline Tanner, D.B.E.) undertook the formidable task of succeeding the founders with characteristic courage and success. She it was who shepherded the school through its wartime exile at Keswick and, on a return visit to Brighton while the school buildings were occupied by the Navy, took the salute from the "ship's company" on the terrace. In 1947, soon after settling the school once more in its Sussex home, Dame Emmeline was succeeded by Miss N. M. Horobin, the present headmistress.

Times change, and a school must change with them. There have been adaptations, additions and alterations, but the present buildings, individual and imposing in their own way, and incomparably situated like an observation-post high over the Channel, have stood against the sea gales and drenching mists since 1898. And if they seem somewhat formidable as they confront the oncomer below at the gates, perhaps that is only to be expected from a stronghold which houses an army of over 370 girls, forty-three resident staff, and many others.

The four houses of the senior school face the terrace, the sloping playing fields and the Channel beyond. Girls are allocated to their several houses on arrival, and there they stay for the whole of their time at Roedean. Each house has two housemistresses, two matrons and a housekeeper; there are bedrooms—for one, two or three—and a dining-room, girls' drawing-room, senior and junior preparation-rooms as well as studies for prefects and private quarters for the housemistresses. The four houses each have a distinctive personality, a family likeness and loyalty which flares up on competitive occasions such as inter-house matches.

While the four houses divide the school vertically, as it were, the different forms—from the newcomers in the fourth form to the university candidates in the sixth—mark it out horizontally. A long corridor, eternally nostalgic to old pupils in its refulgent linoleum and fragrant floor-polish, runs behind the four houses, joining them to the School House, with its main entrance, classrooms and assembly hall. Here the inquisitive visitor or hovering teacher can wander during lesson periods, peering in through peep-holes in the doors at the attentive classes and the teacher at the blackboard.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

Some, if not all, of the school know their Lucretius, and the spy in the corridor might well feel with the poet that he was a lucky fellow to look safely down upon the labours of others. But suddenly, while his eye is fascinated by the white chalk moving across the blackboard, there is the shrill ring of the electric bell which marks the end of each lesson. There is a slamming of desks, a buzz of voices, doors open and the still corridor is invaded by rushing eddies of girls, all hurrying purposefully in different directions. It is Oxford Circus without traffic-lights, aircraft without the control room. In five minutes the hubbub is over once more, general post has taken place, the next lesson has begun.

Further down the main school corridor some stairs lead off to the science wing, and at last the linoleum (gloriously renewed in honour of the Queen Mother) comes to an end at the door which connects the main building with a later block containing staff rooms, the art studio and fine reference library. Still further eastwards comes the headmistress's house and, at a respectful distance, the junior house and the sanatorium. The Roedean buildings, originally designed by Sir John W. Simpson, F.R.I.B.A., in 1897, have been added to throughout the years with little break in their unity. However different their functions, the several buildings—with the possible exception of the junior house—succeed in forming one whole, and there must be few people to-day who could name the various additions to the original nucleus in their right order.

In fact, the delicate Italianate chapel was added in 1906—though the marbling of the inside walls has only recently been finished. The following year the swimming-bath was built, and the year after that the sanatorium and junior house. In 1910 a flight of steps was tunnelled under the coast road and the chalk cliff to the shingle and sea below; and in 1912 came the new wing, with its art rooms and library. In 1925 the headmistress's house was built, and in 1928 the science wing. Soon after that came eight hard tennis courts, and in 1931 a further 76 acres of land. A roller-skating rink was the last addition before the school's wartime dispersal, and, significantly enough, one of the first post-war changes was the conversion, in 1951, of the wartime control room to an administrative block, housing the new governors' room. Finally, last year, the Hannah Cohen Lecture Room was added for the use of geography classes.

Girls who come to Roedean between the ages of ten and thirteen go to the junior house; between thirteen and seventeen they will be in the senior school. The ordinary course leads inevitably to the General Certificate of Education examination, while one or two years in the sixth form are the time for advanced work, perhaps for scholarships or entrances to the universities, or to the medical schools and colleges of music, art, architecture, physical training and domestic science.

First-class academic opportunities can be taken for granted at Roedean. Games are important, too, though far less so in these days of ultra-competitive university entrance than in the past. Lacrosse, cricket, tennis, netball, rounders, swimming, roller-skating and indoor games are all there for the asking, and fencing is a popular "extra." Art, crafts and music claim their full share of enthusiasm, and plays are produced by each house as well as by a cast drawn from the best actresses throughout the school. Clubs have voluntary membership, and their subjects include music, literature, drama and current affairs. Lectures and concerts in Brighton often attract parties from the school; on other occasions visiting lecturers and performers come to Roedean.

(*Concluded on page 128*)

ROEDEAN IS A LANDMARK ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: The impressive south front of one of Britain's greatest girls' public schools is familiar to all who travel along the coast between Brighton and Rottingdean. The school was founded in Brighton in 1885 and moved here when the new buildings were begun at the end of the century.

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS: The portrait of Penelope Lawrence by Orpen hangs in the school. "P. L."—as she was affectionately known to generations of girls—was the eldest of the three sisters who started Roedean. Born in 1856, she died in 1932.

THE JUNIOR HOUSE : It was built in 1908 and stands a few hundred yards away from the Senior School. Girls who come to Roedean between the ages of ten and thirteen live and are taught in this house. There is a special staff for the junior pupils.

FIRST LESSONS IN CRICKET : Girls of the Junior House are receiving batting instruction. First-class academic opportunities can be taken for granted at Roedean. Games are important, too, and the girls lead a vigorous life.

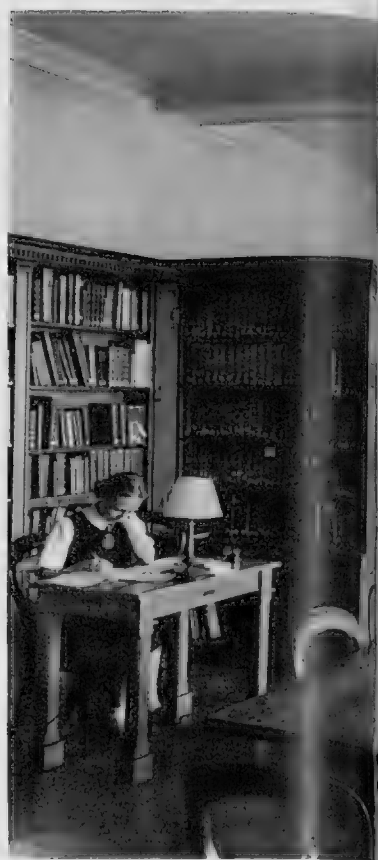
THE ENTRANCE HALL TO THE MAIN SCHOOL : The staircase at the back leads up to the Assembly Hall. A corridor, covered with shining linoleum, runs left and right from the Entrance Hall.

ON THE TERRACE : On this favourite meeting-place girls are strolling and sitting after lunch. From here they can look over the playing fields to the sea beyond. In the background is the coast road to Brighton. Those who were at Roedean some years ago will notice how surrounding houses have increased near the school.

ROEDEAN IS SEVENTY YEARS OLD *(Continued)*

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO ROEDEAN : The date of this building—1898—is inscribed above the clock. The architect was Sir John W. Simpson, F.R.I.B.A. Additions to his original buildings have kept their tone.

A POPULAR SPORT : Girls are getting ready for a fencing lesson. Although this is an "extra" to the sports curriculum, it is very popular.



SENIOR GIRLS AT "PREP" : They are reading and writing in a corner of one of the rooms in which senior pupils work without staff supervision.

A SEWING CLASS : The girls at this lesson come from the Middle School. Great care is taken in teaching them the art of correct fitting. Some old pupils take up dressmaking as a career.

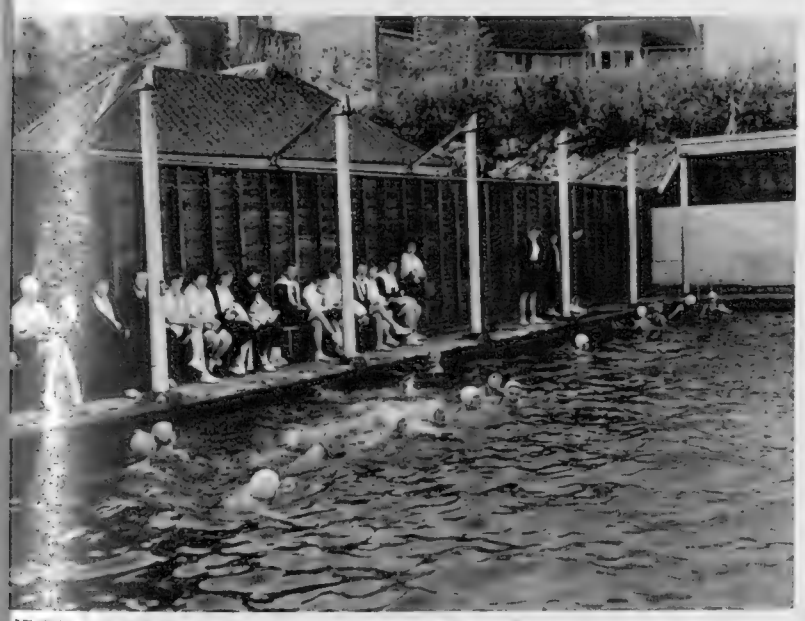
A SUB-PREFECT AT WORK : She is studying in a corner of the Library. This is part of the new wing which was built in 1912 and also includes the art rooms.

THE HEADMISTRESS : Miss N. M. Horobin B.Sc., sits at a window of the Headmistress's House. She succeeded the late Dame Emmeline Tanner in 1947.

IN A HOUSE DRAWING-ROOM : The girls read or talk or listen to the radio-gramophone beneath the board which proudly names members of the house who have won their School Colours. Roedean seniors are divided among four houses, each of which has two housemistresses, two matrons and a housekeeper.

A CLASSROOM DESIGD classes. It is who is the sch

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY : It is open to Sixth Form girls. Among the Old Girls eminent in education are Dr. Margaret Read, Professor at London University, and Miss H. D. Megaw, a Director of Studies at Girton College, Cambridge.



AT THE SWIMMING-BATH : House swimming is in progress. It takes place twice a week. There are also regular class swimming lessons. Although so close to the sea, Roedean has had this fine swimming-bath for nearly fifty years.

BY AN OLD GIRL : A lesson proceeds in the Hannah Cohen Lecture Room for geography latest addition to the buildings. It was designed by Helen Benham, an Old Girl, l's architect, and built from a bequest left to her old school by Hannah Cohen.

THE CHAPEL : In delicate Italian style, it was added in 1906, although the marbling of the inside walls was only recently finished. Morning prayers are held here each day, as well as Sunday services. The ensigns are a reminder that Roedean was occupied by the Royal Navy during the war.

PREFECTS IN THEIR STUDY : The privileged prefects have their own studies. In such comfortable surroundings as these they spend much of their working and leisure time. On Sunday afternoons they invite favoured friends to tea, an important social occasion in the school's life.

ROEDEAN IS SEVENTY YEARS OLD

(*Concluded from page 124*)

A random choice of one term's calendar, for example, finds thirty-one fixtures listed. The film of *Everest, 1953*, headed the bill, and paved the way for an illustrated talk in Brighton by members of the Everest Expedition. Two good entertainment films were shown during the term; there were concerts, and seven talks on subjects ranging from heraldry and mime to the Council of Europe, the British Pestalozzi Children's Village, and the National Playing Fields Organisation. Parties from the school were taken to a play in London, and to a concert, three plays and one film in Brighton. There were two school exhibitions, a sixth-form conference at a near-by grammar school, a "Colour Play," a junior house Nativity play, a sale of work, and the annual Christmas carol service.

Very far from the truth is the music-hall view of Roedean as a luxurious seminary, pampering young ladies, with film-star bedrooms and ladies' maids. Quite the contrary. A certain hardiness is blown in by the buffeting Channel winds and driving sea mists. It is a vigorous, outdoor, early-rising life, which starts with the clanging of the rising-bell at seven o'clock, a dread warning that in an hour's time all must be ready for breakfast.

During the Lent term most of this first hour of the day is spent in running practice for relay races, and during the other terms, too, the energetic ones are up and about long before the breakfast bell. After breakfast beds are made, rooms tidied, and each form meets together before the whole school makes its way through the cloisters to the chapel for prayers. Then comes the morning's work—lessons and periods of preparation—with a sociable mid-morning break for buns and cocoa or fruit drinks.

The morning's classes end at five minutes to one, when once again there is an exodus towards the houses. During the two winter terms lunch is followed by games until tea-time, and school-work takes up the rest of the afternoon till 7.10, when there is general *détente* and conviviality at the end of the day's work. During the summer term lessons are in the afternoon and games in the evening. Supper is at 7.30, and after that the girls go (in P. L.'s famous words)

"quickly—and quietly—to bed."

This is carefully graded; the youngest disappear immediately after supper, the sixth form go at ten o'clock and the prefects, in privileged procrastination, still later.

So much for the general order of the day. From time to time, of course, the routine is varied. Once a week the younger half of each house meets after supper to hear some chosen book read aloud; and on Saturday evenings there is house dancing, two houses at a time, in the main assembly hall. Sundays, too, are welcome breaks, starting with Communion for those who wish to go. Breakfast is later than usual, and in one house at least the Sabbath is greeted by hot rolls in the dining-room.

Mattins is at 10.30, and between chapel and lunch-time the school settles down to systematic Sunday letter-writing. There is a Sabbatical roast for lunch, which is followed by a leisurely afternoon. "Study tea" is an important social occasion, when prefects invite favoured guests to a meal in their studies. Sunday evening means a lecture or film-show, and Evensong for those who did not attend early Communion.

So much for the present. But it may well be that the proof of a school is in the lives and doings of those who have left it? How does Roedean stand by this test?

A glance at the list of last year's school-leavers finds few careers or trainings unrepresented. The universities, both ancient and modern, claim many girls, as do trainings for nursing, medicine, physiotherapy, Froebel teaching, and the inevitable secretarial posts. Others are now training in horticulture (no small achievement from a school where hardly a flower can survive the salty winds), hotel management, domestic science, radiography, hospital almoning, veterinary surgery, occupational therapy, dressmaking and the law. One girl is studying orthoptics at Moorfields Eye Hospital, another is training to be a buyer at the Constance Spry Flower School. A third girl is learning to be a buyer in a dress department, a fourth is at Smith College, Massachusetts, and a fifth is at the Central School of Dramatic Art. A sixth is at an agricultural college, and yet another has joined the third-year Modern Languages at Dalhousie.

That accounts for the immediate past. Looking further back, Roedean has a long list of distinguished Old Girls to its credit. Miss Margery Fry was at the school in Sussex Square, and another former pupil is Dr. Margaret Read, Professor of Education (with special reference to education in Colonial areas) at London University and head of the Colonial Department of the University of London Department of Education. Miss Olive Willis, founder and past headmistress of Downe House School, was also at Sussex Square. Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay is the only Old Roedeanian to have a distinguished stage career, and Dr. Gwen Hilton is Director of the Radio-Therapy Department at University College Hospital. Helen Parry Eden, Margaret Cole, Ursula Betts, and Nancy Spain are all writers in their various fields.

Mrs. Lucile Sayers, who last March was elected President of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations in succession to Sir Anthony Eden, Ursula Hicks, the economist, and Esther Thornton, who is known for her Red Cross work, were all educated at Roedean, as were Helen Benham, the school's architect, Enid Marx, who designed some of the Coronation postage stamps, Mrs. Phyllis Pearsall, the only woman cartographer in this country, Mrs. Jean Walker-Smith, the tennis player, and Jill Balcon, the radio artist. Dr. L. S. Sutherland, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford—now the school's President—comes from Roedean, South Africa, and Miss H. D. Megaw, Director of Studies, Natural Sciences, Girton College, was at the English Roedean.

Mention of Roedean, South Africa, calls for some description of the sister-school in Johannesburg. In 1953 the school's fiftieth anniversary was commemorated, and Dame Emmeline Tanner laid the foundation stone of the new buildings there. In her speech she recalled how in 1902 Theresa Lawrence, the youngest of the sisters, and her friend Margaret Earle, said good-bye to the school at Brighton—they were both on the staff there—and set out to found another Roedean in South Africa. They started modestly. But by the end of the first term the little house in Janie Street was out-grown, and they moved to larger quarters. These, too, proved too small, and by its third term the school was in its third home. A new building, with room for expansion, was clearly needed, and little more than a year after the first school was opened, building began on the present site. Since then Roedean, South Africa, has gone from strength to strength, and its present headmistress, Miss E. K. I. Le Maitre, reinforces the link with the English Roedean, where she was also on the staff before leaving for South Africa. She will be a welcome ambassador from Johannesburg at the seventieth birthday celebrations.

Now all the pioneers have gone. Penelope Lawrence died in 1932, and the last of the family twenty years later. Sir Paul Ogden Lawrence was "Uncle Paul" to thousands of affectionate Roedean nieces, and the Fathers' Match will never be quite the same without its cheerful captain in his inspiring M.C.C. tie. At the seventieth birthday reunion Dame Emmeline, who died in January, will be sadly missed.

Yes, the pioneers have all gone now. But the school lives on, like a thriving young family which does not forget the achievements of its ancestors. "Seventy years on," it is now. Roedean, on its seventieth birthday, looks proudly and gratefully into the past. But it looks forward, too, with energy and with confidence.

LUNCHEON IN THE JUNIOR HOUSE: Over each of the tables a member of the staff presides. The board on the right gives the names of those who have been prefects of groups of the juniors.

LEARNING TO COOK: Cookery is an optional subject for the Sixth Form at Roedean. Some of the pupils take a domestic science course after passing the General Certificate of Education examination.

ART AND MUSIC: *Left*—A sketching class sets out from Roedean. Art is taught throughout the school, which has a well-equipped studio for indoor work. *Right*—A singing class is under instruction in the School Hall. This is another subject which is taught universally to junior and senior classes.

ADVICE ON A TRICKY PROBLEM: Three pupils are being given personal help by their mistress during a mathematics lesson. From its small beginning 70 years ago, Roedean has now grown to number 370 girls and forty-three staff.

OFF TO GAMES: Juniors are coming out of the Junior House. The school offers a wide variety of games such as lacrosse, cricket, tennis, netball, rounders, swimming, roller-skating and indoor games.

"FLORIZEL'S FOLLY" ON SHOW

In this Year's Regency Exhibition at the Brighton Pavilion, New Exhibits Help to Restore the Original Atmosphere of George IV

THE FANTASTIC ORIENTAL EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PAVILION : Within, much of the original furniture of George IV's days in Brighton is now on view. Over forty pieces are now on permanent loan by the Queen from Buckingham Palace.

MRS. FITZHERBERT'S FURNITURE : The furnishings in the South Drawing-Room at the Pavilion were once in the house in Brighton of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince "married" at a secret and illegal ceremony. Visitors to this year's exhibition see many new exhibits.

THE CHINESE CORRIDOR AND GALLERY : It was laid out by the Prince Regent in Chinese style in 1815 and is now restored to its original form. With the loan of more furniture from Buckingham Palace, the Brighton exhibition shows the fantastic magnificence of George IV.

The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is one of the weirdest monuments in the country. The subjects of its creator—George IV—not unfairly dubbed his Oriental fantasy "Florizel's Folly." But whatever may be one's views on "Prinny" and his taste, the Brighton authorities have now made it possible for anyone to savour to the full the original Regency atmosphere.

In recent summers the Pavilion has been open for a special Regency Exhibition. This year's show was opened last week by the Duke of Devonshire and continues until October 2. It is an improvement even on the previous displays, for more of the original furniture has been added. Some of it has been returned to Brighton on permanent loan from Buckingham Palace by the Queen. Her Majesty's loan consists of over forty pieces in "the Chinese taste," such as cabinets of bamboo or lacquer, and very characteristic of the Pavilion's furnishings.

As one wanders through an Oriental corridor or a Heppelwhite furnished room, one feels surrounded by the ghosts of those who originally inhabited them—the Prince Regent weeping over Mrs. Fitzherbert or the ever-observant Mr. Creevy keeping a watchful eye upon his corpulent monarch.

CHINESE PAGODAS IN BRIGHTON : In the North Drawing-Room of the Royal Pavilion the miniature porcelain pagodas by the fireplace are of the period of the first half of the eighteenth century. They were among the original furnishings put in by the Prince Regent seventy years later.

THE ROYAL DINNER-TABLE : The Banqueting Room is laid out to-day with splendid ornaments and fine glass and plates by Regency craftsmen. It is seen now as it was when George IV was dining here a century and a quarter ago.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Greenham Common.—When I was a small boy, at the end of the First War, I lived in a small villa on the edge of Greenham Common, near Newbury. It really was a common then, a vast expanse of furze and fern stretching—so it seemed—almost to the distant range of the Hampshire Downs on the far horizon, and punctuated here and there by single stately fir trees.

There were innumerable paths. Some led to an occasional squatter's cottage, others meandered nowhere in particular. The main road over the Common, in the direction of Kingsclere, had a stone surface, and I remember well the immense clouds of dust that used to arise when any vehicle ventured to drive faster than 25 m.p.h. There weren't many of those even then. More often one used to see a pony and trap, a farmer's wagon, or the carrier, who came in to Newbury once or twice a week. I travelled with him at least once, and have a faint recollection of sitting beside the driver with his whip.

There were plenty of bicycles. The vicar used to visit his parishioners on one. It was a big, heavy machine which he used to keep in the outer hall of the very Victorian vicarage, a house I shall never forget. I used to go there regularly for lessons or to play with the vicar's two small daughters, who were about my age. Mr. Nevill Blagden was a fine country parson of the old school. He had a grand sonorous voice, and his eyes flashed when he read the Scriptures or admonished the congregation from the pulpit. But he was a very human man, he knew every single person in the parish, and they all knew him and loved him. His father, I believe, had been incumbent at Hughenden in Disraeli's days. The Vicarage was, I suppose, imposing, but at the expense of being hideously uncomfortable. The hall was unnecessarily large and draughty, the colours (despite one good William Morris wallpaper) dark and sombre, and nearly all the rooms were cold.

The study was the best room, lined with sombre unreadable theological books and a whole set of *Punch*, into which we delighted to dip. There was a desk between two French windows, some leather chairs, and a lectern beside the fire. Many is the time I 've been read to there, or in the less attractive drawing-room next door, where Mrs. Blagden would give us instalments of *The Fairchild Family* to the accompaniment of a hissing pressure lamp. All that is long ago, and I prefer it to remain so now that Greenham has been converted into an enormous aerodrome, a base for the biggest American bombers. Huge sheds and runways have destroyed the mystery of the heath, the little combes have been levelled and filled in, the skating pond is now dry, and nothing on earth will persuade me to go and see the place again.

Pine Mountain, Kentucky.—One link, however, remains. When the Blagden children and I grew up, we went our several ways. The younger girl, Mary, married Burton Rogers, a young American Quaker, who is now in charge of the Pine Mountain Settlement, Kentucky, and it is of this remarkable place that I have recently had news. Pine Mountain is utterly unlike anything that Hollywood lets us see of America. Set in the wild and beautiful Appalachian Mountains, it serves a sparse population of farmers, foresters and miners who have very few of the amenities that we city-fied people demand. How did it all start ?

The true founders were a grand old couple, William and Sally Creech, who first settled the land at the end of the Civil War. They were simple, God-fearing folk, resolute, almost illiterate, but determined that their descendants should have a better deal than they. For this purpose they handed over about 250 acres of land for the founding of a school, just before the First War, and this school, in the capable hands of two determined ladies, Miss Pettit and Miss de Long, was the nucleus of the Settlement proper. To-day it consists of a " modern vocational high school, with its workshops, school house, farm, dairy, infirmary, chapel and houses for pupils, its coal-mine and reservoir." About a hundred boys and girls are given a practical education, and they take part, too, in the various communal services which provide for an area of some 300 square miles.

The Settlement is now controlled by a Board of Trustees, but money is short, and since most of the income is derived from voluntary sources, much time and effort has to be given to raising funds. Mary Rogers writes: " I think people in England need to know there are places in America where the gods of glamour and gadget don't reign supreme, and where there are real simple universal problems to be met. . . . We are faced now with the transition in less than one generation from pioneer illiteracy and lawlessness, a handicraft economy, and an oral tradition in music, story and dance to a modern world with medical services, law courts, roads, cars, electricity, the radio, etc.—and it is very hard to know what of the old should be preserved and what should be new."

This is a familiar problem in Europe, but not one that we associate with the States, where most of us have the impression that everyone has everything, and that everything is new all the time. A visit to Pine Mountain would be a salutary corrective.

Travelling Picture-Restorer.—I am interested in pictures, and although I am far too poor to possess anything like a collection, I have a few good originals by contemporary artists which I greatly treasure ; for example, a drawing by John Skeaping, an oil on canvas by Morland Lewis (a pupil of Sickert who died at an early age during the war), and a small oil painted on a wooden panel by Carel Weight. This picture is a charming rhythmical representation of a Cotswold meadow which reminds me of the days when I worked for *The Countryman* at Idbury, near Kingham, in Oxfordshire, and lived in a small cottage near by.

I bought the picture for £4 at one of Weight's very first shows about twenty years ago, and I have traipsed it around ever since. Early this year I was horrified to notice that the paint was cracking badly and in one or two places was peeling right off. Clearly, immediate restoration was needed, but I felt disinclined to make a special journey up to London and incur all kinds of high expense. Fortunately, the problem was solved by a chance meeting with Commander W. E. Wilson, R.N. (retd.), who in the last few years has been building up a unique kind of business.

Always interested in the technique as well as the æsthetics of paint, and with a certain amount of experience behind him, Wilson decided to take up picture restoration as a profession when he finally left the Navy at the end of the war. After further studies with at least two experts of international standing, he launched out on his own, but with this difference. Instead of expecting every customer to come to him at his cottage near Chichester, where he has a studio, he is prepared to go away for weeks at a time restoring pictures in the houses where they belong. For this purpose he has specially fitted up a vintage Austin Seven to carry all his equipment, and any canvases he may be treating, in absolute safety.

When I met him he was just returning from a visit to Downside, where he is currently at work on a series of pictures, some of religious subjects in the Abbey Church, others being portraits of former priors and abbots that hang in the school Refectory. My picture presented no great problems. First he placed a wax-impregnated paper over the face of the panel, and then applied a heated spatula which had the effect of melting the wax into the crevices of the paint, and so securing it in its original position. Then followed repairs, cleaning with a special solvent to remove dirt and old varnish, restoring defective areas of paint, and finally re-varnishing.

THE ROVING PICTURE-RESTORER IN PORT : Commander W. E. Wilson is at work in his studio near Chichester. On retiring from the Navy he became a restorer of paintings. He works not only in his studio, but is willing to travel to restore pictures

The picture is now back on the wall, in all its pristine glory, and whenever I look at it I can conjure up—oh, so clearly—memories of first attempts at becoming a journalist at Idbury : long sessions at shorthand which I have never mastered, sub-editing some other poor devil's best effort and reducing it by half on Editor's orders, proof-reading by the yard, and even addressing envelopes for the circulation department. For me a painting provokes memories more powerfully than a photograph which limits me to the reality of that particular scene. A good picture can open up vistas in the mind.

On the Farm.—I am writing this article between bouts of silage and hay-making, root hoeing (an everlasting job that I do my best to get out of), and the sowing of kale. This is the busiest time of the year for us, but also perhaps the best. There is something immensely satisfying in getting through heavy work and seeing seeds grow. Furthermore, the weather has been kind so far and work is more or less up to schedule. The great difference between this year and last is the complete absence of rabbits through myxomatosis. It has resulted in an immense increase in grass, and for the first time we can walk round our outlying fields and find them intact.

In the past, every single pasture would be eaten bare round the edges, and as you approached, 50 or 100 (it was impossible to count them) brown bodies would scurry into their burrows. Shooting or trapping hardly touched the fringes of the problem, which for many farmers in the stock-raising counties had become a real nightmare. I cannot understand the mentality of the few who have deliberately reintroduced milky does on to their land, it will only start the whole hideous business all over again. Rabbits are not " natural " to this country. They were originally brought in by the Normans, who bred them in warrens to help provide fresh meat in winter—a problem that remained virtually unsolved until the eighteenth century, when " Turnip " Townshend popularised winter root crops. This made possible the raising and killing of cattle all through the year, but by that time the rabbit had established a firm hold. No one in their senses wants to see it back again.

Dr. C. S. Orwin.—I would like to pay tribute to the memory of Dr. C. S. Orwin, the agricultural economist and historian, who died on June 30. I wrote some notes on his life in THE SPHERE last April, and so I only wish to add one thing. It seems he was contemplating bringing up to date Lord Ernle's classic, *English Farming, Past and Present*, the standard history of the subject, known to students all over the world. It is sad that Orwin died before he could begin the work, for no one could have done it better than he.

A SCHOOL IN THE WILDS OF KENTUCKY : A view of the technical classrooms at the Pine Mountain Settlement in the Appalachian Mountains. It is a voluntary aided school founded some forty years ago to serve the sparse population of the district.

FROM THE PORTS OF EUROPE

News of Shipping in Harbour in London, Rosyth, Liverpool, Helsinki and Genoa

On left—

THE ARRIVAL OF ONE OF THE LARGEST VESSELS EVER TO BERTH IN THE POOL OF LONDON : Tugs help the 7,355-ton Blue Star cargo liner *Saxon Star* into her berth just above Tower Bridge. The vessel was berthed in the Upper Pool of London because of congestion in the Royal group of docks, due to the amount of shipping which had accumulated during the six-weeks dock strike. The *Saxon Star* became one of the largest ships ever to be berthed in the Pool of London, and her cargo of 4,575 tons, most of it fruit from Australia, was one of the biggest to be discharged there.

A N.A.T.O. FLEET MAKES A CEREMONIAL DEPARTURE FROM ROSYTH : The British cruiser H.M.S. *Glasgow* at the head of the fleet in the Firth of Forth, with the Forth Bridge in the background. After a stay of more than four days at Rosyth the fleet, which took part in the N.A.T.O. exercise "Long Swell," made a ceremonial departure. Elements of the Royal Navy, the Royal Netherlands Navy, the United States Navy and the Royal Norwegian Navy took part in the exercise.

AN OLD WARRIOR IN DRY-DOCK FOR INSPECTION : The British battleship *King George V* in the Gladstone Graving Dock at Liverpool, where her underwater hull is being inspected. After the inspection, the battleship will be towed back to Gareloch, in Scotland, where she is with the reserve fleet.

A BRITISH WARSHIP ON A COURTESY VISIT TO FINLAND : The Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Armed Forces, General V. A. Heiskanen, saluting Admiral Sir Michael Denny, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, when he came on board the fast minelayer *Apollo* in Helsinki. H.M.S. *Apollo* was visiting the Finnish capital as part of the Home Fleet's Summer Cruise.

ITALY'S NEW WARSHIP, NAMED AFTER ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINT : The *San Giorgio* at Genoa, where she has been rebuilt and modernised to become a new 3,500-ton destroyer leader in the Italian Navy. She was formerly the *Pompeo Magno*, a light cruiser. She will now be used as an anti-aircraft and anti-submarine destroyer. The previous *San Giorgio* was sunk during the war at Tobruk. Divers recovered a bas-relief showing St. George and the Dragon, which will be fixed on the new warship.

ITALIAN AND GERMAN INFLUENCE ON ENGLAND

Two Historic Country Houses are Helped by Grants from the Ministry of Works

Between 1720 and 1730 the Scots architect Colin Campbell used "his utmost endeavours" for the building of a remarkable house at Mereworth, in Kent, for John Fane, 7th Earl of Westmorland. What this peer requested, and got, was a replica of Palladio's sixteenth-century villa near Vicenza, "La Rotonda" or the Villa Capra.

Domes and colonnades outside and the most magnificently ornate decorations inside—for which Italian artists specialising in stucco were imported—these were no difficulty. But there was one problem which the English architect had to solve for himself. This was how to heat the castle. Most ingeniously Campbell designed flues to be carried into a dome above the hall. From there they emitted their smoke through the lanterns. Mereworth received a Ministry of Works grant last year for urgently needed repairs. Mr. Michael Tree, its present owner, has now opened this rare example of eighteenth-century taste and domestic engineering to the public.

Below—

A PAINTED CEILING : It is one of several ornate creations by Italian artists who were brought to Mereworth in the eighteenth century by the Earl of Westmorland.

ITALY IN ENGLAND : Mereworth Castle, in Kent, is one of the best examples in this country of the eighteenth century's taste for Italian Palladian.

On left—

UNDER THE DOME : The stucco in the interior of Mereworth is actually by an Italian, Bagutti. As a result of a Ministry of Works grant for urgent repairs the castle is now opened to the public.

ENGLISH ESSENTIALS AND ITALIAN FRILLS : *Above*—The Long Gallery is a magnificent example of Italian decoration. The castle is a copy of Palladio's Villa Capra, near Vicenza. *On left*—Mereworth may be a replica of an Italian villa, but its architect had to put in these necessary English additions—fireplaces and flues.

GERMAN INFLUENCE ON AN ENGLISH HOUSE : The brick walls of the courtyard and the moulded ornamentation of the gate outside the seventeenth-century Manor House at Old Byfleet, in Surrey, show the influence of the sixteenth-century German, Wendel Detterlein. Manor House has also been helped by a State grant.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE MANOR HOUSE AT OLD BYFLEET : Apart from the courtyard walls the style is English. *Left*—The entrance hall contains a rare type of panelling. It is of pine and probably of late Jacobean date—a most unusual material for that period. *Right*—The house is seen from the rear. The main, central, part of the Manor was built about 250 years ago by William Sutton, who obtained permission to demolish the decaying Royal Palace then on the site. Both the wings are modern, having been added in 1905.

James I built a palace for his Queen, Anne of Denmark, at Byfleet, in Surrey. It remained Crown property until 1675, when Charles II leased it to Lord St. Albans. The latter, in his turn, let it to a William Sutton, who petitioned successfully to demolish it owing to its bad state of repair. He erected on the site a new house—the Manor—and in its construction he used a certain amount of material from the Palace. In his exterior design he was influenced by the German Wendel Detterlein. However, the interior is wholly English.

From the days of Sutton the house has been occupied by a variety of owners and tenants. Eight years ago the Manor was bought by Mr. T. Starling and Mr. R. D. Thompson. By their own exertions they almost certainly saved an architectural treasure from ruin. This year the Ministry of Works gave well-deserved financial aid for repairs.

THE STUART ARMS : Over the mantelpiece in the dining-room are the faded arms of the House of Stuart. The old Manor was built from some of the materials from the Palace of James I's Queen at Byfleet.

THE MAIN LOUNGE : The windows look on to the courtyard. It is thought unlikely that this part of the house has been altered since it was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The present owners spent much of their own money on the Manor—and probably saved it from demolition—before State aid was offered them.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

THEATRICAL PERSONALITIES; AND EVENTS ON THE STAGE AND OFF IT, IN AMERICA, ITALY AND LONDON

THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY OPENS IN COLORADO : Fisher Morgan and Herbert Newby on a sightseeing tour in Central City, Colorado, where the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, of which they are members, opened its tour of the United States and Canada earlier this month.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS AT A DENVER RECEPTION : Miss Joyce Wright, principal soubrette of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, listens to the other principals sing "Happy Birthday to You" in the midst of Denver's reception to the company on its arrival. The company will not return from its tour of America until the middle of next February.

A CHANGE FROM THE AVON : Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Miss Vivien Leigh, take a boat out on Lake Garda. They have been spending a brief holiday at the Italian lake resort of Punta San Vigilio after playing at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon.

VERDI FOR THE WELSH : The High Priest Zaccaria (Hervey Alan) comforts his people in the opera *Nabucco* which was performed by the Welsh National Opera Company, which made its first appearance in London last week at Sadler's Wells. *Nabucco* has not been heard in London for 100 years. The company also performed another little-known Verdi opera, *The Scilian Vespers*.

A NEW ENGLISH MUSICAL—"WILD THYME," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S : Three scenes from the new musical production by Laurier Lister which opened in London last week. *On left*—Julian Orchard, as Ernie Walker, admonishes his daughter Janice (Patricia Rowsell), as his wife Sally (Shirley Hall) joins in. *Centre*—Harry (Archie Harradine), Joan (Gwen Nelson) and Ann (Jane Wenham) in another scene. *On right*—Betty Paul, as a French singer, with her husband manager, played by Colin Gordon.

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

The French Capital Sees a Potent Military Parade and Enjoys the Usual Celebrations on this Historic Anniversary

MOST IMPRESSIVE MILITARY PARADE : Armoured cars come down the Champs Elysées, in Paris, in the parade of 9,000 French and Colonial troops and 500 armoured vehicles on Bastille Day (July 14) last week. M. René Coty, the President of the Republic, took the salute. Earlier sixty of the latest French jet fighters flew over in formation. Spectators, including many from abroad, saw one of the most impressive displays of France's military might since the end of the war.

A SALUTE FOR THE COLOURS : The President, M. Coty, salutes the colours of the Garde Republicaine. The anniversary of the storming of the Bastille was this year, as usual, a national holiday throughout France and the French Union.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM WEST AFRICA : Kings and tribal chiefs from French West Africa saw the military parade in the Champs Elysées from the Distinguished Visitors' Stand. They were invited by the French Government.

FIREWORKS OVER NOTRE DAME : As darkness falls Paris gives itself to the traditional all-night celebrations of July 14, and fireworks and searchlights blaze over the famous cathedral, towering above its island in the River Seine. During a sudden thunderstorm, lightning struck a fireworks store on a bridge and sent up an unexpected display of twenty rockets.

DANCING IN THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE : Crowds of Parisians in 1955 pack the Place to recapture something of the spirit of their ancestors after they had destroyed the odious fortress—symbol of Bourbon tyranny—on that historic day in 1789.

ORANGES AND LEMONS

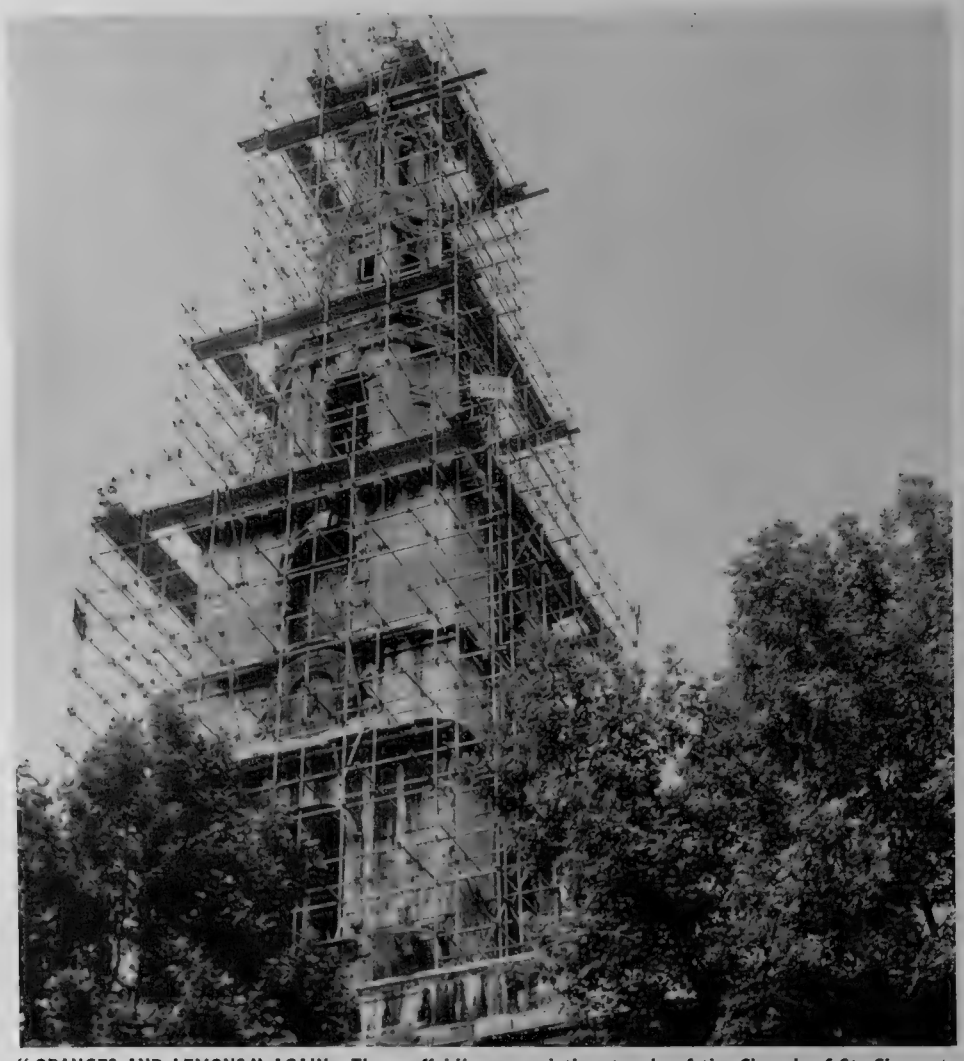
The Bells of St. Clement Danes will Peal Again; and Other News Pictures from London and Various Parts of Britain

A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER: At Lancaster House, in London, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother receives a bouquet from five-year-old Christina Longmore, the granddaughter of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore. The occasion was a reception given for Commonwealth visitors by the Royal Empire Society, the Overseas League and the Victoria League. Sir Arthur Longmore is Chairman of the Joint Empire Societies' Conference.

BUILDING EXPERTS FROM RUSSIA: In the Westminster City Hall, the Mayor, Councillor Patrick Stirling, explains a model of a housing estate to a Soviet delegation. From Councillor Stirling's left are V. F. Promyslov, leader of the delegation and First Deputy Chairman of Moscow Town Soviet; N. N. Smirnov and P. P. Novizhilov. The Russians have been visiting many parts of Britain.

On right—

AN ALPHORN FOR YORKSHIRE: On arrival at London Airport from Switzerland, M. Martin Christen demonstrates the playing of his long, tubular alphorn. He has brought the instrument to England to take to a school at Spenborough Millbridge, in Yorkshire. Pupils come to the school for housecraft and handicraft classes from miles around, and the headmaster wants to use the alphorn to announce when any classes are cancelled. M. Christen will teach the headmaster to play it.



"ORANGES AND LEMONS" AGAIN: The scaffolding round the steeple of the Church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, London, has been erected in preparation for the return of the bells which, according to the immortal children's rhyme, say "Oranges and Lemons." St. Clement Danes, seriously damaged by bombing during the war, is to be restored. It will become the Royal Air Force Church. The shell of Wren's building of 1681 stands on the site of what is traditionally believed to have been the burial-place of a number of the Danish Kings of England. The steeple, added by James Gibbs in 1719, is 115 ft. high.

TO FLY NEAR THE NORTH POLE: A party of journalists from Britain, France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Germany and Switzerland prepares to leave to fly over the frozen Arctic roof of the world to Vancouver and back to London. They were invited passengers in the new Commonwealth Polar air-route flight which Canadian Pacific Airlines are introducing between Amsterdam and Vancouver. From left are: P. Keatley (*Manchester Guardian*); Colston Shepherd (*Sunday Times*); Frank Illingworth (B.B.C.); H. Hanning (Westminster Press); M. Voisin (from Paris); P. Rothenhausler (from Zurich); A. H. Colijn (from The Hague); Geoffrey T. Norris ("The Sphere"); F. de Hauter (from Rotterdam); E. Schaefer (from Hamburg); and Frank Lambe (Press Association). Despite the desolate nature of the territory flown over, at no time was the aircraft more than ninety minutes from a fully-equipped airfield.

PLANNING TO CROSS ANTARCTICA : Sir Edmund Hillary, the conqueror of Everest, and Mr. G. Lowe, also a member of the Everest expedition, study a map of the Antarctic in London. Sir Edmund will lead the New Zealand expedition, which is part of the 1957-58 Commonwealth expedition across the Antarctic. The purpose is to cross the Antarctic in surface vehicles. The main expedition, under Dr. Fuchs, will start from Vahsel Bay, on the Weddell Sea. Sir Edmund and his party will set out from McMurdo Sound, on the other side of the continent. They hope to meet somewhere near the South Pole. At the same time, during the International Geophysical Year, it is expected that America, Russia and France will have expeditions working on an extensive scale in the Antarctic.

A NEW BRIDGE OVER THE SEVERN : At Maisemore, near Gloucester, the new bridge over the River Severn is nearing completion. It will be opened this year. It is to carry the road which links Herefordshire and other Midland counties with Gloucester and the trunk road to South Wales. The structure is a single-span bridge with 35·50 degs. skew. It is being built of reinforced concrete with facings of Cotswold stone. This single-span bridge will allow a faster flow of water at times of flood than did the two-span bridge it is replacing. — Thus serious flood danger will be lessened.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL : Competitors seem to have become somewhat entangled with each other in the Ladies' Push Barrel race on Fish Quay, at Sutton, Plymouth. This was an event in the annual regatta last week, which is known as the "Fisherman's Regatta."

ARITHMETIC DRILL BY NUMBERS : At historic Eltham Palace, in Kent, outside London, Captain W. G. Wilkinson, of the Royal Army Educational Corps, demonstrates a new method of teaching arithmetic to backward pupils. Acting as demonstrators are soldiers of the Brigade of Guards. The rank on the right holds up numbers from nought to eight. The rank opposite them are the "pupils." At the word of command from the captain at his blackboard, the pupils move up or down the rank, as they are ordered to add, or subtract. It is claimed that this method can be used for the teaching of more advanced mathematics. It is understood that this system may be used by the Army to bring recruits up to the mathematical standards necessary in these days of complicated atomic weapons.

THE COLOUR PARTY AT A HIGHLAND GATHERING : At Delgaty Castle, Aberdeenshire, the Colour party moves off at the opening of the Delgaty gathering. It is led by the clan piper. Behind come the Chief's banner, the escorts of which carry oxen yokes, and the banners of other notabilities.

SUNSHINE AND STORM AT ASCOT

The Death of Two People when Lightning Struck the Racecourse Marred a Brilliant Royal Meeting

In less than twenty minutes last week one of the most brilliant Ascot weeks was marred by tragedy. A storm of torrential rain burst upon the racecourse at 4 p.m. on the third day of the meeting, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. At about 4.10, lightning was seen to strike the railings on the "popular" side of the course, almost immediately opposite the Royal Box. The lightning went to earth under about 100 people sheltering in a tent. Most of them were flung to the ground badly shocked, and when police and ambulance men rushed to the scene, artificial respiration was immediately given. Despite all efforts, two people were killed, and of the forty-three others taken to hospital, about ten were in a serious condition. The Duke of Norfolk, representing the Queen, who was not present on that afternoon, informed Her Majesty of the tragedy, and the Queen expressed her sympathy. The last two races of that day were immediately postponed.

It was ironic that such tragedy should have come in a week of unusually fine weather which brought large crowds and the most summery dresses to the postponed Royal Ascot meeting. The Gold Cup was won by the Italian horse Botticelli, and the Royal Hunt Cup by the 50—1 outsider, Nicholas Nickleby.

ASCOT IN THE SUNSHINE—RACEGOERS GET DOWN TO THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF PICKING A WINNER ON THE SPACIOUS LAWNS BEHIND THE GRANDSTAND : The Royal Ascot meeting, postponed from last month because of the railway strike, opened and closed in brilliant weather. The Queen was present on three of the four days. The coveted Gold Cup went to an Italian horse, Botticelli.

PLANNING A ROYAL VICTORY : A view of the paddock before the race for the King George V Stakes on the second day of the Royal Ascot meeting. In the distance, centre, can be seen the Queen discussing tactics with D. Smith, the champion jockey, who rode the Royal horse Jardiniere to victory.

SMILES FOR A ROYAL WINNER : The Queen, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret wait for the Queen's horse Jardiniere to be brought into the unsaddling enclosure after winning the King George V Stakes.

A SUNNY ASCOT BRINGS OUT THE BEST AND THE SMARTEST IN THE FASHIONS : *From left* are the Begum Aga Khan in a cool, white "toadstool" hat ; Mrs. R. Legon-Layzell, in a white picture hat with straw flowers in black and cream ; Mrs. Gerald Legge, in a romantic picture hat of rose-pink tulle ; Mrs. G. Grenville-Williams, in a hat of lemon-and-white straw on net, with a yellow rose decoration ; and, *extreme right*, the eye-catching race-card-and-horse motif of the handbag which was being carried by Miss Denise Hankey.

WHEN THE STORM BROKE OVER THE RACECOURSE—THE RACEGOERS CLING FOR SHELTER FROM THE TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR : On the popular side of the racecourse people cluster round a booth to gain what pathetic shelter they can from the rainstorm. It was congestion like this in another tent which caused the large number of casualties when lightning struck the rails and went to ground beneath them. People clinging to the rails themselves were also felled to the ground. Two people were killed and more than forty injured.

AMBULANCES ARRIVE ON THE SCENE : Most of the injured were taken to the King Edward VII Hospital at Windsor suffering from shock. Nurses and attendants of the St. John Ambulance Brigade were among the first to appear on the scene of the tragedy.

HELP FOR THE INJURED : Artificial respiration is given to the man lying on the ground in the centre, while on both sides of him bystanders try to revive and lift up some of the storm's victims.

TAKING THE INJURED TO HOSPITAL : As soon as the extent of the tragedy became known the Stewards abandoned racing for the day, and the last two races were postponed to the following afternoon.

THE DESOLATION OF ASCOT DURING THE STORM : The time was 4.3 p.m., just three minutes after the clouds had burst and poured torrents of rain on Ascot Heath. Seven minutes later one of the forks of lightning which lit up the sky hit the railings and caused the tragedy. By 4.20 the storm had abated, and the sky cleared.

NEW CAR, NEW ROAD, NEW LAW

Morris Announce the Six-seater Isis; the Minister Gives Details of the First Motor-way; and the Government Promises to Alter the Drunk-in-charge Law

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE new six-seater Isis saloon announced by the Nuffield Organisation revives another famous Morris name. The old Isis first appeared in 1929 and remained in production for a number of years. Its 2,214-cc. 6-cylinder engine developed 70 b.h.p. at 4,400 r.p.m.

Using the 6-cylinder 2,639-cc. British Motor Corporation engine, which also powers the Austin Westminster and Wolseley 6/90, the new Morris Isis has 86 b.h.p. on tap at 4,250 r.p.m. Its appearance is reminiscent of the 1½-litre 4-cylinder Morris Oxford, but it is nearly 5 cwt. heavier and 7 ins. longer. The Nuffield Organisation call the new Isis a "generous" six-seater and claim that it has "the highest touring performance yet offered by Morris."

Price of the standard saloon is £801 10s. (including £236 10s. tax). On total price this is £46 15s. more than the 2¼-litre Ford Zephyr and £42 10s. up on the 2¼-litre Vauxhall Velox. The Isis costs £14 3s. more than the Standard Vanguard and £10 more than the Austin Westminster. A de luxe version of the Isis, with leather upholstery, heater and other refinements, costs £844, including tax. This is £42 10s. more than the standard Isis and exactly the same price as the Nuffield Organisation's Wolseley 4/44 and the Vauxhall Cresta.

The new Isis can be regarded as a replacement of the 2·2-litre Morris Six, which went out of production earlier this year, and which cost the same as the new Isis. The Isis is also available as an eight-seater Estate car, in which form it is known as the Isis Traveller and costs £957 7s. Features of the new car include twin self-parking screen-wipers; a hand-brake lever to the right of the bench-type front seat; torsion bars for independent front-springing; a 12-gallon petrol tank and an illuminated luggage boot.

Although Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Minister of Transport, has given more details of the first instalment of the Government's motor roads programme, he did not, unfortunately, give the impression that the Ministry is pressing on with the work with a new sense of urgency. When pressed, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter said he thought the first stretch of road—from St. Albans to Dunchurch, near Rugby—would be started in two years and finished in four. As far as the whole first instalment is concerned (and it covers 345 miles of twin-track motor-ways), the Minister said it would be finished within ten years but would take longer than five.

The St. Albans–Dunchurch road will measure 53 miles, cost £14,000,000. Apart from the entry and exit, traffic will be able to join it at only six points, where fly-overs will be constructed, four of them with roundabouts over or under the motor road. These access points will be provided where the motor-way crosses the following roads:

(1) Dunstable–Luton (A505).
(2) Toddington–Ampthill (A5120).
(3) Husborne Crawley–Brogborough (B557).
(4) Newport Pagnell–Woburn (A50).
(5) Stony Stratford–Northampton (A508).
(6) Weedon–Northampton (A45).

There will be roundabouts *over* the motor road at points (4), (5) and (6). A roundabout will be built *under* the motor-way at point (1), and at the other two access points the secondary road will be carried *over* the motor-way by single bridges.

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter said this new road—Britain's first true motor-way, reserved exclusively for mechanically-propelled vehicles—will have twin carriageways, with three 12-ft. traffic lanes on each: six lanes in all. On the outer edge of each carriageway there will be a hard, flat "shoulder" 9 ft. wide. Total width of the road, including these shoulders, will be 112 ft.

The most interesting point which emerged from the debate on the Second Reading of the Road Traffic Bill was the Government's promise to put down a clause drawing a distinction between driving under the influence of drink and being "drunk in charge."

This proposed change in the law is long overdue. As Mr. Hugh Molson (Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport) pointed out, the law as it stands encourages motorists who have had a lot of drink to try to drive home instead of "sleeping it off" somewhere first.

Motorists have been convicted of being in charge of a car while "under the influence" when they have been well away from their cars with no intention of driving them until they were sober. One man left his car outside his house. He was going to bed and was actually undressing when a policeman called at the house to point out that the car had no lights. The motorist said: "I 'll go out and switch them on." As he did so the police officer came to the conclusion that the man had had rather a lot to drink and summonsed him for being in charge of a car while "under the influence."

Ridiculous, of course. No one, naturally would think of condoning intemperate drinking by motorists. But it is a good thing that soon, if the Government fulfils its promise, this particular travesty of justice will no longer be a possibility. It was Section 15 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930, which created the offence of driving under the influence of drink (or drugs) to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of a vehicle. It applies to any person "when driving or attempting to drive, or when in charge of a motor vehicle on a road or other public place."

The motoring organisations have welcomed the distinction which the Government proposes to make in the law affecting tipsy motorists. In 1953 there were 3,257 prosecutions for driving or being in charge of a car while "under the influence." Of these cases, 2,324 were dealt with by fines totalling £40,716. In 155 cases there were prison sentences without the option of a fine, and 2,405 defendants were disqualified from driving.

The Midlands Rally of "old crocks," held to celebrate the silver jubilee of the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain, passed off very successfully under the benison of real summer weather. Everywhere they went the veteran cars were enthusiastically acclaimed by the people of several different counties.

The rally lasted five days and culminated in a *Concours d'Elegance* at Leamington Spa. More than 200 cars took part and they set out for their first rendezvous—Stratford-on-Avon—from five different places: London, Cambridge, York, Chester and Bristol.

Oldest veteran on parade was the Stephens dog-cart, built in 1898 by the father of the man who drove it: Mr. Richard Stephens, of Norwood, S.E.19. Mr. Stephens was apprenticed to his father in the motor engineering business at the time the car was built.

The Regent Oil Company sponsored the rally. Its success gave no one more pleasure than Mr. James Allday, life patron of the Veteran Car Club, and Mr. Fred Bennett, its eighty-one-year-old president, who drove in the rally.

"It has always been Ford policy to encourage cheaper motoring for the masses," said Sir Patrick Hennessy, deputy chairman and managing director of the Dagenham firm, in commenting the other day on an interesting Ford anniversary. It is just twenty-one years since they first offered to Ford owners replacement engines which had been reconditioned at the factory. They were the first British firm to do so, and since they started, 1,333,000 engines have been supplied under the scheme.

Production of reconditioned engines was thirty a day in 1934. In the first year 3,816 engines were reconditioned. A week's production now approaches that total! In 1935 an 8-h.p. engine "exchange" cost £9 10s. To-day it costs £22 10s., but it is still cheaper than a complete overhaul.

Up go the price of tyres—the Dunlop brand, anyway. All the other tyre firms will probably have followed suit by the time these notes appear. The usually do, but with all the current talk about pric rings, they may not be in any particular hurry to fa into line.

The latest Dunlop increase is 7½ per cent., 1s. 6d. in the £, on both covers and inner tub Reason: rising rubber prices. It is the third price ri in nine months. It follows one of 7½ per cent. la February and another of 5 per cent. last Octob Before the latest increase you could buy a small tyr for £4 16s. It now costs £5 3s. 9d. A big-size tu which formerly cost £1 3s. 6d. is now priced at £1 5s. 3

At first sight it looked as if the Ministry of Transport was going to try to solve the shortage of driving test examiners by lowering the qualifications for the job. So they have, in a way, but not to a point at which driving tests will be less stringent or less well-conducted. It has simply waived the requirement of recent motor-cycling experience. Many applicants for examiner jobs have had to be turned down in the past because they had never ridden a motor-cycle. These are being invited to have another go. And the Ministry has given an assurance that any examiner who does not possess motor-cycling experience will be not allowed to test an "L" plate motor-cyclist.

The Ministry, by the way, has rejected the claim made by the examiners, through the Society of Civil Servants, for an increase of £126 a year in the starting pay of examiners working in London. It has offered them £45 a year more and the Society says it is not enough. It would boost the starting pay in London to only £10 9s. 7d. a week and in the provinces to a mere £9 17s. 1d

I want to praise three recent publications. The *Dunlop Guide* (published by Burrow and Co., Cheltenham, at 7s. 6d.) is better than ever. Its 24 coloured maps show new roads, touring areas, sandy beaches, mountains, heaths and moorland.

The *Motor Racing Directory and Who's Who* (Pearl, Cooper Ltd., Chandos Place, W.C.2, at 7s. 6d.) is a useful book of reference for motor sport enthusiasts. And the A.A. has just issued a new booklet, free to members, entitled *Routes to Switzerland and the Ligurian Riviera.*

THE NEW MORRIS ISIS—A "GENEROUS" SIX-SEATER SALOON: It has a 6-cylinder 2·6-litre engine, and is said to be capable of the highest touring performance yet offered by any Morris car. The standard saloon costs £801 10s., including £236 10s. tax

THE VETERAN CAR CLUB HOLDS ITS SILVER JUBILEE RALLY: *On left*—Lord Brabazon of Tara starts off a 1905 Rolls-Royce with a Union Jack at Putney Heath. This veteran car, which was driven by Mr. J. G. Sears, was one of the prize-winners at the Austin celebrations at Longbridge. *On right*—Mrs. A. E. Stradling, whose husband was the driver, leans out of their 1913 Unic coupé.

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BACKGROUND TO JAGUAR BREEDING . . .

SILVERSTONE

Here's just one of the quiet country roads around Silverstone which in due season become laden with cars — bumper to bumper — on their way to Britain's most popular motoring event. Since the inception of this meeting in 1949 Jaguar has gained 7 successive annual victories.

Grace . . . Space . . . Pace JAGUAR

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TURBULENCE AND REVELATIONS

A Biography of Norman Douglas; Further Memoirs of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart; A Journey Through East Africa; Life in Singapore; and Some New Novels

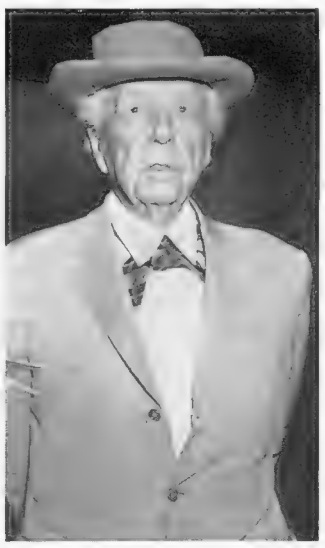
WHEN Norman Douglas died there passed a civilised man of a type which, alas, is practically extinct. A man of strong opinions, deeply rooted in scholarship, his private life was made turbulent by his habit of lambasting with highly original invective both friends and foes alike. Of these he had plenty. Why not? His enemies he did not so much cherish as fondle. A man who could write "Are we never to learn that Socialism has its roots in envy and nothing else" could not be expected to appreciate the finer points in the character of D. H. Lawrence. Not, for that matter, that Lawrence was a Socialist, but the point would have quickly been taken by Douglas with that sharp bark of his, which he used instead of a smile.

He was lucky in his friends as well as in his enemies, for they have all rushed at his literary remains with a determination to make them immortal. Mr. D. M. Low who, with that other gentle scholar, Charles Prentice, knew and loved Norman Douglas every bit as much for his failings as for his gifts, has selected from his works a volume which is simply called NORMAN DOUGLAS (Secker and Warburg. 25s.). The introduction alone will give great pleasure to all those who wish to savour again the inimitable writings of one who, in his own field, is without rival in English literature. I hope it also serves to instruct, and inspire those with only a brief acquaintance with Norman Douglas to read him.

Wisely, Mr. Low has disdained the temptation to reply to the critics of the man and his work, but one reviewer at least could wish that he had left out that spiteful piece from *Looking Back* on D. H. Lawrence, even though the Magnus pamphlet might deserve a place in the selection. Yet it does contain that typical remark "I strewed a few red carnations on his grave at Vence—an inoffensive gesture."

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, we are told, is a Scotchman and was twenty years old before he set foot on English soil. He has been a diplomat and a journalist of the type known in America as a columnist and, over here, as one who has written chatty paragraphs in the *Evening Standard* and the *Sunday Times*. He has written several books of memoirs of which YOUR ENGLAND (Putnam. 16s.) is his latest. The title means no more than that he feels under some Scottish urge to re-hash some hoary gibes at the expense of the English, who do not seem ever to have done him any harm.

But Sir Bruce is a good enough journalist and skilled *raconteur* to know that the English seem always eager to read anything derogatory about themselves. Having thus secured his audience Sir Bruce rattles on with his reminiscences which, since they mostly concern his journalistic or gossipy activities, are mostly entertaining. It is not surprising to learn of his affection and almost awe for Lord Beaverbrook and those other lords for whom he has toiled. In their service, and indeed before that, he has moved easily among the great and the notorious. At times he is able to make revelations which could be said to be astonishing. As, for instance, that King Edward VIII, when Prince of Wales, "was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Baldwin," or that when the King "and his three brothers stood guard by King George's coffin. The idea was Mrs. Simpson's." Or, finally, that, "forlorn and alone, he made his way to Plymouth, where the destroyer waited to take him to France."



"HALF-BAKED" DESIGNS: Eighty-six-year-old architect Frank Lloyd Wright has been telling Congress that their recently passed plans for permanent buildings for the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs are "half-baked."

Although Mr. Roderick Cameron calls his book EQUATOR FARM (Heinemann. 18s.) it was, in fact, the place from which he started on a journey through East Africa. It was so called because the Equator runs straight through the drawing-room of the farm in the White Highlands of Kenya that was his *point de départ*. From there he went to Nairobi and Mombasa, up the coast to the fishing village of Malindi and the mysterious ruined city of Gedi, built nobody knows when and deserted nobody knows why, and on to Lamu, the once famous but now forgotten port.

On to Zanzibar, where he secured an audience with the present Sultan, whose grandfather, the famous Sayyid Said, first introduced the clove into Zanzibar and received the remarkable present of a stage coach from Queen Victoria. At his journey's end Mr. Cameron was entertained in Uganda by Mutesa II, the Kabaka, of whom most of us have recently been hearing.

Although "in Kenya the shadow of Mau Mau terrorism was already omnipresent, and surrounded the isolated farm on which I lived; the more I understood of the situation the more dangerous it seemed to form any hasty judgment." He has "preferred to describe the beauty and strangeness of the African landscape and the dignity and charm of many of its inhabitants." So well and truly has he done it that the result is a travel book of the most enjoyable kind, full of civilised discernment and the ability to transmute remembered things into most readable prose. The photographs, nearly all of which were taken by the author, are quite remarkable for their beauty, composition and selectiveness.

SNAKE WINE (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) is Mr. Patrick Anderson's account of some of his Singapore experiences during the two years he spent there at the university. He had not been to the East before and seems to have taken each incident of his life there with a fresh wonder, delight, or a tolerant form of exasperation. He has two obvious qualities to help the writer of a travel book: an incapacity for boredom and a genuine liking for people. Sometimes this liking seems to extend to any people, any size, any age and, of course, any colour, but there is evidence that Mr. Anderson can call on the refreshment of an astringent wit, and that takes his book out of the category of complacent *wanderjahr* logs.

For part of the time that Mr. Anderson lived in Malaya he took, with a friend, a large and dilapidated house on the edge of the jungle, which was handy for bandits, if nothing else. Of this project he writes: "When I think of what passes for a desirable prosperous house in a residential suburb in England I cannot help laughing. Here is so different: as different as Garbo from the latest Hollywood starlet, or a Dry Martini from a Coke. . . ."

"Here" seems to have been different indeed, and the author's descriptions and comments are unfailingly lively and observant—sometimes I thought he wrote like a painter, with that extra apprehension of colour and form—whether he is dealing with a baby gibbon, or a balky primus stove, or the local flowers, or the children who invaded the house and garden or Christmas presents. Sometimes also I thought that he bubbled on perilously close to overwriting, but in the main this is a book of many fascinations, not least of them the author's good spirits.

ROAST BEEF AND PICKLES (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is an amiable fantasy by Mr. John St. John, and one that I particularly relished. The setting is a pickle factory in West London, run on aggressively philanthropic lines, where everyone is called "Comrade," and everyone is equal, only some are more equal than others. (Anyone with experience of this kind of scheme will instantly appreciate what is meant by that.) To work in the pickle factory comes a pleasant and moderately gifted young man, the kind of person whom it is impossible to dislike, and he finds himself, almost at once, embroiled in the comradely doings, a tentative love-affair and a splendid new movement which is sweeping the country, to restore the English way of life. We are all familiar with similar movements on our borders, but this was to be not Welsh, nor Irish, nor Scotch, but purely English.

"The sickness began when we took to calling ourselves British instead of English. . . . We have been so busy just being British, buying British, as well as persuading a lot of other people to become British, that we have almost forgotten what it means to be English." So speaks one of the characters in this extremely bright first novel, and your reviewer owns to agreeing with his sentiments, while applauding Mr. St. John as a welcome new novelist.

ONE DAY AT TETON MARSH (Michael Joseph. 15s. is an enchanting nature book by Miss Sally Carrighar whose *Icebound Summer* remains such an agreeable memory—even among city folk. The author writes of a valley in Wyoming where between ponds, rivers little islands and water meadows she is able to observe with her own individual blend of scientific accuracy and poetic apprehension, the lives of creatures as tin as mosquitoes, as big as moose, and as entertainin as otters and frogs.

There are chapters in American history—comparatively short as it is—which come freshly to the light of day from time to time and have all the charm of the unknown to English readers and, I suspect, many American readers, too. Such a story is THE COTTON ROAD (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), a vivid reconstruction of the events of the 1860's Texas and Mexico, when, during the Civil War, Euro was still needing that essential raw material, cotto and a way was found to get it across Texas to the nearest port in Mexico. This was the cotton road which was travelled by wagon train, and infested by brigands and Indians, so that a single trip might ta months. The author, Mr. Frank Feuille, first heard the story in its bare outlines from his grandfather, Judge Frank Feuille, and is himself a judge and an authority on Latin-American law.

Another North American book of considerable renown in the country of its origin is NOT AS A STRANGER (Michael Joseph. 18s.), a very long story by Morton Thompson about the making of a good doctor, through many economic and physical trials, through emotional hazards and the recognition of cynicism, and through more than 700 closely printed pages. Recommended to those thousands of readers who enjoy case histories plus sentiment plus an infinite capacity for chronicling pains.

DUTCH COURAGE

Tales of the Great Admirals of the Royal Netherlands Navy

On June 7, 1667, the price of coal in London was 15s. per ton. By mid-month it had risen to 140s. per ton. The reason for the rise was clear to every Londoner, for the Dutch fleet, under Admiral de Ruyter, stood astride the Thames and Medway entrances. The two rivers were full of burning craft and floating wreckage, and the British Navy was in process of undergoing a defeat damaging to the national economy and disastrous to the national prestige. Francis Vere describes this invasion, which had the Government by the ears and sent the Pepys family and a host of others scurrying for safety, in his volume SALT IN THEIR BLOOD (Cassell. 18s.). It is one of the incidents he tells in his story of some of the great Dutch admirals. He takes us from the days of Louis Boisol, leader of that reckless, swashbuckling bunch of privateers who called themselves the Beggars of the Sea, down to that memorable month in 1942 when Rear-Admiral Karel Dorman, in command of the Dutch Far Eastern Squadron, faced the might of the Japanese Navy in his flagship *de Ruyter*, and with the cruisers *Jacob van Heemskerk* and *Tromp*, and a gallant band of destroyers. This is a book of stirring tales magnificently told with the dash and relish which such subjects so clearly deserve. Added to this, the author is an historian who understands and admires the Dutch temperament.

We have read Colonel Hunt's excellent account of the Everest adventure and admired his crystal-clear prose style, which is so reminiscent of that of Robert Falcon Scott of Antarctic fame. We have read also the story of Tensing, the Sherpa who reached Everest's summit, and has told the tale in carefully guarded, well-chosen sentences with the assistance of a professional writer. Now comes Sir Edmund Hillary's story; he calls it HIGH ADVENTURE (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.). Sir Edmund has written of his Everest climb simply, modestly and factually, and the result is another narrative very much in the Hunt manner. The conquest of Everest is an immortal tale, and the re-telling of the great adventure by eye-witnesses can never be wearisome. The world will always be eager to discover new drama in those last desolate hours on the roof of the world, when Hillary and Tensing, step by painful step, breath by hard drawn breath, plodded to the topmost peak, cutting steps along that last ridge that led them on to immortality.

Hillary does not need to stress the team aspect of the conquest of Everest, because it emerges so clearly in every chapter. The massive build-up of stores and training went on until the higher camps were stocked with food and oxygen and with climbers acclimatised for the last assaults. Among them was Colonel Hunt himself who, no youth by climbing standards, helped to carry the last loads to 27,000 ft., within striking distance of the summit. One of Hillary's greatest worries in the final phases of the climb lay in his doubts about his own judgment for calculations at high altitudes. In fact, he found he could work out those problems, slowly but none the less clearly, and he found on those high slopes much else besides. His book reveals his own serenity of mind. Here is a tale out of the ordinary by a seemingly very ordinary fellow; but greatness cannot be concealed.

The *Highways and Byways* series received a most excellent addition in 1912 when Macmillan's published the volume on Somerset, one of the most charming of our western counties. Since then this celebrated series has unhappily come to an end, but Edward Hutton has now edited again HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOMERSET. The publishers are Chapman and Hall and the price 18s. What good value it is—this personal impression of a perambulation of the country through Glastonbury, and Wells, the Mendip Hills and Roman Bath, the Quantocks, and Exmoor. The same also can be said of Mr. Hutton's SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY (Hollis and Carter. 21s.). This is also a revised edition of an earlier volume. If Tuscany and Somerset are far apart in distance they are perhaps not far removed in spirit. They are both serene and smiling countrysides, where it can be a delight to travel on foot.

John Pfeiffer's THE HUMAN BRAIN (Gollancz. 16s.) is a fascinating book which the layman can readily enjoy. The human brain may be three pounds of messy substance shut in a dark, warm place, a pinkish-grey mass, moist and rubbery to the touch. However, Mr. Pfeiffer shows that our knowledge of its workings has increased markedly in recent years. No one laying down this book will disagree that the brain is the most complex structure in the universe, and their admiration for an author who can explain at least some of these complexities in simple terms must surely be considerable.

Jean Rennie is a Scots girl with fighting spirit and a flair for writing. In EVERY OTHER SUNDAY (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.) she tells the story of how circumstances drove her into domestic service and she in turn drove herself to succeed as a cook and to keep on educating herself whatever the tribulations. She tells with charm, vivacity and wit of her life in large houses, and how eventually she won her way to freedom. This "autobiography of a kitchen maid" is great reading and we are with the author all the way.

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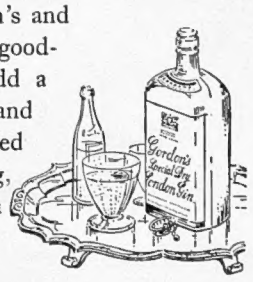

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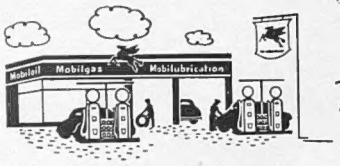

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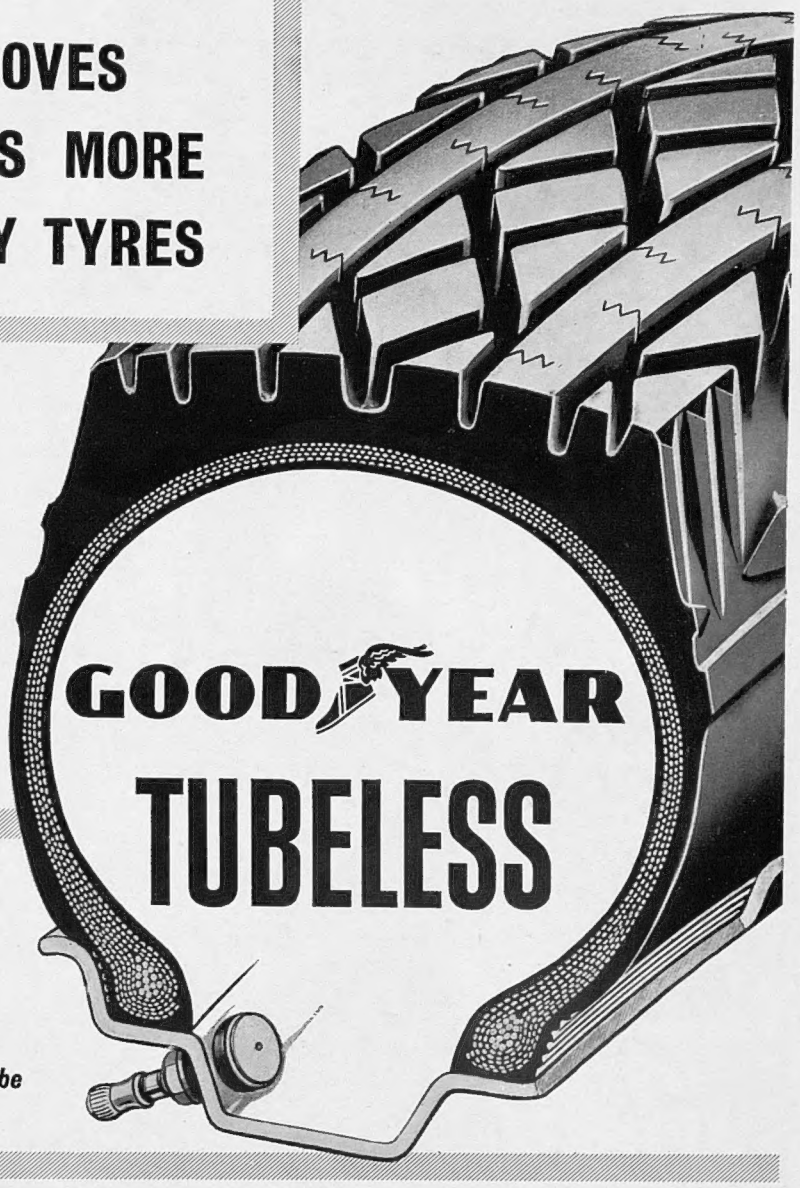

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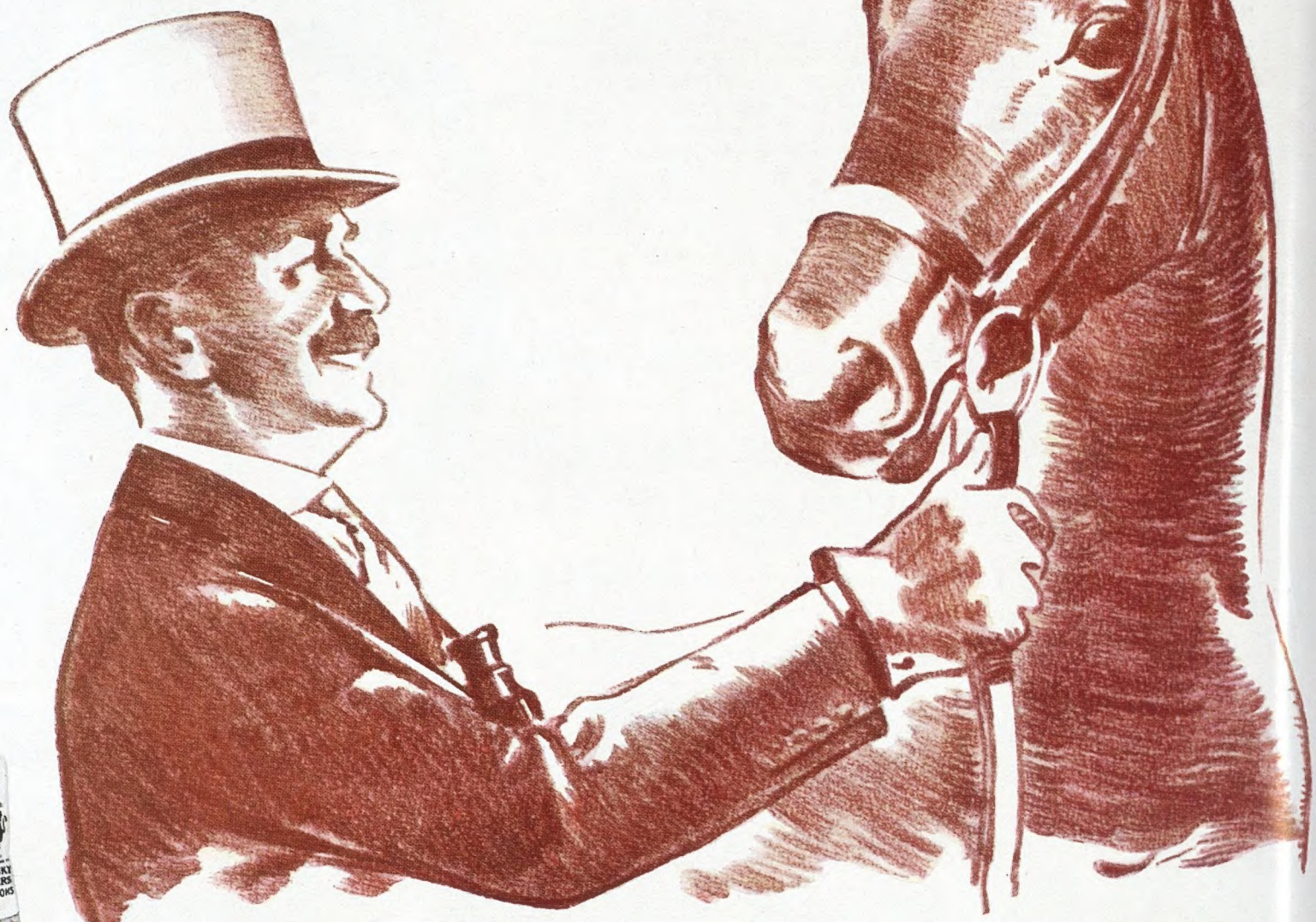

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